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LLOYD GEORGE

A caricature by "Low," reproduced in "Lions and Lambs" (Harcourt, Brace).

The Skeptic Tank

WINTER was (theoretically) over. Spring, the timid New England spring, was in the elm tops, but the hired man's face was gloomy. "The skeptic tank," he said, "is clogged and the garage is flooded." Unwittingly, he spoke in symbols. After this winter of discontent all our "skeptic tanks" are clogged and running over, and the noisome refuse flows back upon the brain.

The human skeptic tank can be overworked. Skepticism has a septic action, bacteria destroying bacteria until the mind is restored to health, but disappointment turns it sour. There was a robust skepticism that laughed at the old maid's fear of hearty sex let loose in literature, but it has been daunted this year by the flood of vulgarity in recent fiction, solemn pornography and cheap dirt. There was an ironic skepticism that fought for experimental books against the standpatters, but it has been appalled by a deluge of formlessness. There was a democratic skepticism which teased the highbrows who insisted that best sellers and popular magazines should be written in the style of Charles Lamb or Gibbon, but it is aghast at the growing mediocrity of American reading. These skeptic tanks no longer function.

But such derangements of the sewage system are trivial by comparison with the cloggings and fetid brewings in the minds of the gentry who began by being skeptical of everything in the immediate past and have ended in a sour and savage skepticism of everything not according to what they regard as a Marxian model. Take the word bourgeois for example. Writers who have never seen hard times before and suppose that revolutions are the only cure for depressions, have taken an especial scunner against that word. They are rewriting the history of an American past which they have read about, in terms remotely Russian, and with a distrust and dislike of characteristic American modes of life the sourness of which indicates some stoppage in the drains. The word bourgeois is flung about like a dirty rag. Emerson and Hawthorne and Poe belonged to the petty bourgeoisie. (Petty is a new adjective for Emerson!) Transcendentalism was a bourgeois philosophy based on materialism. The pioneers were restless and greedy bourgeoisie spreading the taint of their class over a continent. The railroad builders, the bankers, the preachers, were all creatures and creators

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Lloyd George's Apologia

THE TRUTH ABOUT REPARATIONS AND WAR DEBTS. By DAVID LLOYD GEORGE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1932. $1.50.

Reviewed by SIR ARTHUR SALTER

THERE is some danger that the vivacious, and in places pugnacious, style in which Mr. Lloyd George's book is written may obscure the enduring importance of much that it contains. It is a book which no future historian can afford to ignore, though there is much in it which he must discount. It is a personal apologia; a storehouse of new historical material, including some hitherto unpublished documents and a personal account of historic scenes by a principal participant in them; an able analysis of the effect of reparation and war debts upon the world depression; and a moving appeal for their cancellation.

The "apologia" was much needed, and, in main substance, is, I think, justified. The statesmen who were chiefly responsible for framing both the reparation chapter and the other chapters of the Treaty of Versailles, have had scant justice from their successors and from world opinion. The Treaty was imperfect and contained provisions both dangerous and unjust. But this is the usual, and almost inevitable result of settlements arrived at by a process of war, victory, and the imposition of terms of peace upon a vanquished foe. War, by its very nature, arouses passions out of which neither justice nor peace are likely to be born. The plain fact is that each of the three principal statesmen at Paris—Wilson, Lloyd George, and Clemenceau—was more magnanimous than the prevailing majority of the public he represented. Mr. Lloyd George pictures vividly the passions with which he and his colleagues had to contend. He points out that both the general public and at least many of those with economic, financial, and business qualifications which should have fitted them to judge, were pressing upon him and his colleagues an impossibly severe settlement. He says truly that in the circumstances the right course was not to fix a reparation figure (which must have been excessive), but to draw up a schedule of damage and to leave a mechanism (as was done) which would enable reduction to be made, as opinion became more reasonable, without breach of the Treaty.

All this is true. But as regards Mr. Lloyd George's personal responsibility, three comments need to be made.

In the first place no one who remem-

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The Shadow Line

By LIDA ELLSWORTH

COME quickly in and close the door,—
There is no April any more;
Half March, half May, the lovely thing
When we were young we hailed as Spring.
Now goes obscurely slipping by,
No longer hope, but mockery.
No more the dear suspense, the thrill:
First bud, first bird, first daffodil;
Arrogant, frosty winds today,
Tomorrow, fully blossomed, May.
Lover of shy and gradual things,
Half-light, far music, unseen wings,
Who grieves that April comes no more,
Come in, and softly close the door.

O'Neill and Aeschylus

By JOHN CORBIN

IN the subject matter and title of his latest play Eugene O'Neill claims comparison with the most revered of Greek dramatists, and both critics and public have so far honored the claim as to make "Mourning Becomes Electra" the outstanding success of the current season on Broadway. This popularity, moreover, is only the climax of a steady ascent through plays no less sombre and harrowing—"The Emperor Jones," "The Hairy Ape," "The Great God Brown," "Anna Christie," "Strange Interlude." Here is a phenomenon which, to use a fine old locution, may well give us pause. Nothing one half so arresting has occured in the world of the theatre since Bernard Shaw proclaimed his intelligently farcical comedies as "better than Shakespeare."

Now Shaw, as the world well knows, is not only a humorist but a professional egotist, endowed with all the grimaces and the exultations of the circus-tent barker, and there is abundant precedent for a success of ballyhoo. At one time, to be sure, there seemed to be danger that he was overplaying his part, alienating the public that had most need of, and could best respond to, the provocative tonic of his gibes. I remember discussing this danger with one of his oldest friends and warmest admirers. William Archer not only admitted it but added a fear lest what had begun as an outward flourish, an attitude studiously costumed, might presently strike inward corrosively, like a poison garment. Fortunately such fears proved unfounded. Bouncing humor carried the day. But Eugene O'Neill, God knows, is no humorist. And, so far as his attitude toward the great public is concerned, no dramatist was ever more modest, more finely and courageously self-respecting. Yet this very austerity has had a reward beyond Shaw's self-exploitation, even with the tired business man and his rubber-tired wife.

Something has happened in the world of Broadway, a thing of which O'Neill, if not prime mover, is certainly the worthiest and most impressive exponent. Time was when prophets of progress raged against the tyranny of the "happy ending." Pollyanna sat enthroned, lisping the gospel that all living is a glad, sweet song, that human pain and frustration must be banished from our thoughts—and, a *fortiori*, from the theatre. Of this gospel, William Winter was the most impressive exponent. When reminded that Shakespeare made adulterous love a theme of his greatest tragedies, that the Greeks did likewise not only with adultery but with incest, he quoted Browning: "The less Shakespeare he." So Hamlet and Mark Anthony go to't, Clytemnestra, Phædra, and Œdipus! The managerial mind judged likewise, though in terms of its own. After Richard Mansfield had scored successes in "Arms and the Man" and "The Devil's Disciple," Shaw's agent urged "You Never Can Tell" upon the great chief of the so-called Syndicate. He refused the play on the ground that the public wouldn't spend good money for the painful privilege of an evening with a dentist and a dentist's chair. Another enthusiast suggested to the most intelligent and public spirited of the Syndicate managers that the "Agamemnon" was upstanding drama and might be eked out in the Athenian manner with a comedy after-piece—"The Cyclops" or "Alcestis." Daniel Frohman replied, not without a twinkle, that in New York, there weren't enough Greeks. A decade later he would doubtless have said, "Yes, we have no Athenians!"

In brief, playwrights found themselves forced to think of the drama not primarily as an art but as an entertainment, and entertainment was conceived in the terms of laughter and blissful tears. Clyde Fitch alone had courage to deal honestly with the darker realities of character and conduct—feminine jealousy in "The Girl with the Green Eyes" and feminine mendacity in "The Truth." These were comedies, but his last play, "The City," produced after his untimely death, applied the same method to more masculine and dramatic vices, incidentally anticipating "What Price Glory" in the exploitation of cuss-words. Today the public that once doted on Pollyanna, and still doesn't know Æschylus from an escalator, sit staring through five mortal hours of lust and murder, adultery, and incest, until their bums ache and the edge of the seat cuts their knees, swayed only by a rapturous conviction that one simply must be intellectual in order to register socially.

Incidentally, of course, there has been a vast improvement in both the artistic quality of the drama and the intelligence of the playgoing public—or perhaps we should reverse this statement, rating as incident or by-product the fact that Broadway has gone highbrow. Of either phenomenon there was scant promise a brief dozen years ago when O'Neill became known to us through his one-act sea plays. Those who praise the decade just past are curiously blind to the advance in the theatre, which has been as great as the advance over the novels of Henry James and Howells and Stephen Crane has been negligible. The author of "Bound East for Cardiff," "In the Zone," and "The Long Way Home" taught

This Week

"KAMONGO."
Reviewed by JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE.
"HIGH MOWING."
Reviewed by LEONARD BACON.
"PAST YEARS."
Reviewed by MADELINE MASON.
"I, JAMES LEWIS."
Reviewed by ALVAH C. BESSIE.
"RECOVERY."
Reviewed by SHEPARD A. MORGAN.
"THE LIFE OF EMERSON."
Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.
"APARTMENTS TO LET."
Reviewed by MARION C. DODD.
BICENTENNIAL.
By W. S. H.
CRAZY ABOUT BOOKS: A Short Story for the Trade.

Next Week, or Later

THE LIMITS OF OBSCENITY.
By HUMBERT WOLFE.

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us that sheer character is of prime value in the theatre, though it evokes no derisive laughter and gives us no trace of that "sympathy" with human frailty which is essentially self approbation. Of character as O'Neill portrayed it the touchstone is the stark reality of human suffering, faintly illumined at best by an aspiration that is groping and dumb. In the true sense of the word it is passion, and that is a thing that was as lamentably absent from American drama before O'Neill as it is lamentably absent from the modern novel of the sexual libido.

To develop such passion in the theatre requires a dramatic instinct and a dramatic technique as simple as they are strong. For the "situations" and the "great scenes" of his predecessors, O'Neill had as little use as for their comedic laughs and their saccharine tears. No contrivance was visible in his plays, no effort of any sort; yet the human heart somehow revealed itself, caught in the meshes of that most tragic fate which is character—what one essentially is and must remain. In progressing to plays of a full evening's length, O'Neill remained true to his gods. He even added to his loyalties. Few things dismay a commercial manager so deeply as a multiplicity of scenic "sets," involving initial outlay and constant expense of stage hands. In this respect Ibsen himself became a strict economist. O'Neill put down what was on his mind in the form in which it came to him, piling up scenes with the result that very few of his plays are commercially viable. But his development as an artist was untrammeled. His power of evoking atmosphere was that of a poet; his imagination ranged from the mystic inspiration of the high seas to the soul-destroying penury of New England hills, from the opulent splendors of great cities to the peace of Carribbean islands in moonlight. The vivid truth of his characterizations expanded in proportion—the starved poet and mystic of "Beyond the Horizon"; the love-crazed stoker of "The Hairy Ape"; the black Napoleon, terror-stricken, of "The Emperor Jones"; the faithful prostitute Anna Christie. You will have to range the civilized world to find such a gallery of dramatic portraits, of dramatic passions so deep and widely varied.

Then came a change the imprint of which may be easily grasped today by reading the plays. The artist who scorned the trumped-up "situations" and "great scenes" of the "well-made play" fell for the newer fashions in technical *tour de force;* indeed he lavishly added to them. It began with "The Hairy Ape," which echoed the Continental fads of stylisation and expressionism. So long as the burly and upstanding Yank remained in his normal mood and in his stoke-hole, the world he envisaged was shown in its normal guise; but under the impact of the scorn of him voiced by a beautiful young deck passenger, and of his perverse love for her, her up-town world took on attitudes absurdly toploftical and visages of a simpering superiority that could only be rendered by putting the actors into masks. Startling as the effect was, it was sound enough psychologically and perhaps added to the impression of Yank's impassioned delirium. But the fact remained that this partial expressionism rendered impossible any complete and truthful representation of one party to the dramatic struggle. It is perhaps irrelvant to point out that the great masters have resorted to no such obvious methods in depicting the tortured soul, though the calm citation of Æschylus gives us a text. But it is not without significance that the device forced O'Neill to depart from the detached impartiality and sturdy truthfulness of his previous plays. Especially significant is the fact that he has not repeated it. To black-lead one half the world is as futile a device as to whitewash the other.

The interest in startling technical devices remained, however, and it continued to be fused with a tendency to subordinate character to psychology. In "The Great God Brown" the mask appeared again; but this time it was used to make obvious to the audience the difference between native impulse and the more or less artificial self which one presents to the world. Each actor carried a rubber false-face expression of his assumed attitude and, as often as O'Neill judged that the audience required to be told that he was socially tarrididdling, clapped it over his visage. Practically, the effect was far less successful than that of the masks in "The Hairy Ape." While the actor was speaking, his chin worked up and down against the rubber, with the result that the lips of the mask moved with precisely the expression of a goldfish gaping against its bowl of glass. But that was the least of the damage. No actor needs to be told that the two great instruments of his art are his voice and his facial expression. Those masks reduced the voices behind them to an inarticulate monotony,

EUGENE O'NEILL
By Luis Hidalgo

void of tone-color and vibrant force, and all facial expression to a single idiotic grimace.

In "Strange Interlude" the obsession with inward or subconscious mentality reached its climax, and with it audacity in the matter of technical stunts. In order to reveal unmistakably the well-springs of impulse O'Neill resorted to a curious combination of soliloquy and aside. With incessant iteration, all the people on the stage became deaf-mutes, lay figures, except the one of them who, for the time being, is permitted to expound wordily the dark secrets of his libido. I shall not attempt a defense of the rigid realism of the well-made play championed by the once new school of Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones. At the time Bronson Howard, who took himself with some seriousness as Dean of the American Drama, protested against it and registered his protest by putting at least one soliloquy and one aside into each of his plays. Doubtless it is true, as the Victorian realists contended, that character is most convincingly revealed in action and in the give-and-take of dramatic dialogue; but it is also true that, in addition to Bronson Howard, William Shakespeare occasionally made his characters address themselves or the audience. In our modern drama not the least of improvements is an abandonment of the dull, material realism of the eighteen-nineties in favor of a plastic freedom and imaginative intensity comparable to that of the great Elizabethans. All that I question is the extent to which O'Neill has used the old devices—a matter of mere technical efficiency.

In justice to O'Neill's craftsmanship, it should perhaps be added that the reason for so much self-communion on the part of his characters was less technical than psychologic. His interest in the subliminal mind is now so great that he takes it as his hero. As clearly as in Freud's great work, "The Interpretation of Dreams," the protagonist is an impulse to wish-fulfilment primarily colored by the Œdipus complex. The people of the play themselves speak the familiar patter. One of them is strongly attached to the young heroine but is prevented from making love to her by an affectional preference first for his mother and then for his sister. He defers his declaration until both are dead and the young object of what normally would have been love has passed through half a dozen sexual relationships to her change of life. O'Neill's attitude toward this fellow is obvious in the fact that he makes him a writer of jejune conventional novels void of passional reality. Also, with an irony more self-willed than intrinsic, he makes him a declaimer against the Freudians, who yet welcomes "with a strange passionate eagerness" the idea that the Supreme Being is no male but our universal Mother. In brief, "Strange Interlude" is primarily not life in the living but a tract on the new psychology.

As to the originality of Freud's method and the effect of his teaching upon his profession there is scarcely room for two opinions. He has revolutionized psychotherapy. Very seldom does it happen that an achievement so richly deserves the epithet of epoch-making. As to his specific results in detail the case is far otherwise. As yet psychology has merely touched the surface of the subliminal mind. Whole regions of power remain to be explored, from amazing mental feats like those of the "lightning calculator" and the "spirit" control who improvises "Martian" languages to the feats of faith-healing which are at once spiritual and physical. Freud himself stresses the narrowness of the field he has conquered. Nor are he and his disciples agreed within the compass of their field. In this very matter of the nature and power of the Œdipus complex, which so fascinates O'Neill, Freud's foremost disciple Jung is radically opposed to his master. Only the amateur psychoanalyst seems able to escape doubt as to the finality of his knowledge. But, like another crudely multitudinous phenomenon of the libidinous complex, his name is Legion; and too often he deserves the same Gadarene fate. The new psychology is mainly founded on the antics of ailing and shaky minds and has too often been exploited by such.

In itself, O'Neill's interest in technical exploits and in the Book of Freud is perhaps no subject for regret. Few things are as stimulating, in any art, as the free quest of new methods and new subjects. The ultimate test, however, is not their novelty but their viability. O'Neill has had no followers in the use of mask, soliloquy, and aside, and has himself apparently abandoned them all. What remains in his technique is its primal quality, a simplicity, solidity, and sincerity that rise to a certain massive beauty.

As to qualities of characterization and emotional conviction one can only record personal impressions, with all possible modesty and candor. I was among the first to acclaim the masculine vigor and emotional intensity of the earlier *dramatis personæ,* the rich color and variety of atmospheric evocation. In the later plays I find nothing at all comparable to the hairy stoker Yank, to the mystic dreamer of "Beyond the Horizon," to the rawly feminine Anna Christie, to the savagely dominant and savagely superstitious Emperor Jones. In abandoning the objective for the subliminal world, or so it seems, O'Neill has plunged us into the drab and tenuous regions of late twilight. Freud himself is on record against this preoccupation with the mental underworld. "Action and the conscious expression of thought mainly suffer the practical need of judging a man's character. Action above all deserves to be placed in the first rank." It is a rule as sound in the drama as in psychology.

Undoubtedly the psychological plays have power to hold the attention. The multitudinous public does not sit five hours at a performance that bores it, swayed only by eagerness for the uplift. Much must be granted to O'Neill's power of dramatic speech and to his skill in building a dramatic narrative. Nor is it for nothing that the stuff he deals with is lust and murder, adultery and incest. The tabloid mind has stuff in plenty to feed on, even as it assumes the attitude intellectual. And has not O'Neill the authority of Freud when he assures us that we, personally, each and all of us, are swayed by passion hitherto unheard of in the theatre? One is so deeply and so pardonably interested in anything that tells one, tells one intimately and amazingly, about oneself. What Molière's bourgeois gentleman felt upon learning that all his life he had been speaking prose was a joy faint and dim compared with the joy of discovering that our most seeming-virtuous thoughts are in reality incestuous. Even more than the new subjects, this psychoanalytic predicate has served the purpose of the Shavian ballyhoo.

It is high time to inquire into the provenience of this master complex. In reality it is quite different from what Freud, and with him O'Neill, have made many or most of us believe. Of all people Œdipus was least guilty of it. When he learned from the oracle of Apollo that he was fated to marry his mother, he fled in horror from home and kingdom, to the uttermost corner of the earth. There, as a reward for routing the Sphinx in a contest of wit, he was acclaimed as King, and given the Queen as consort. She was in fact his mother, her face having doubtless been lifted; but the union was so far from being passional, or in any sense Freudian, as to be a marriage of convenience. When the horrible truth was borne in upon the court of Thebes, Jocasta hung herself and Œdipus, having scratched out his eyes, fled to the wilderness to die in wretched poverty. There was no libido, no complex, in either; quite the reverse. The idea would have been as impossible to an Athenian as to a Victorian. Even the impulse to adultery was made the theme of only one Greek play, the "Hippolytus" of Euripides, and that during what was regarded as the decadence of the drama. In O'Neill the incestuous impulse is represented as, in point of fact, frustrated; one thing we are spared. But as a determinant of character and fate it is everywhere given the Freudian prominence.

And so, by steps ascending as easily as those in Thirty-Fourth Street, we arrive at Æschylus. Whether mourning becomes him we do not know, for he never dons it. Yet we may safely say that no spirit ever lived more courageous and triumphant. It is not merely that he fought through the Persian war and was wounded at Marathon. In confronting the problems of life and fate also, his head became bloody but remained unbowed. Steeped as he was in his native polytheism, in a religion as barbaric in its origin and its basic ideas as it became superficially beautiful, his soul strove always toward a monotheism quite comparable to that of the Christian Trinity. There was no question whether Zeus was She. He was "the great master-worker," "subordinate to no other power," a deity as stern and just and all-pervading as the Hebrew Jehovah.

> The air is Zeus, Zeus earth and Zeus the heaven,
> Zeus all that is, and what transcends them all.

Nor did Æschylus subscribe to the barbarous conception of fate so often attributed to him as to the other Greek dramatists. Sophocles could write,

> Once a House has suffered the shock of a great god's wrath
> The curse pursues its children even to the very last.

And this is precisely the fate O'Neill visits upon his House of Mannon. The whole point of the Agamemnon trilogy is that Orestes and Electra are rescued from such blind fury. To Æschylus as to Shakespeare fate is conceived in the terms of character as expressed in deliberate action and speech—the thing we have been and are. Citing the "ancient saw" which attributed to the gods an insensate zeal in punishment, he adds his own individual and rebellious creed: "For I, apart from all, hold this my creed alone, that only impious deeds breed curséd offspring, sons like the parent stock. In every house that loves and does the right, fate evermore brings issue good and fair." The Agamemnon trilogy is founded on this enlightened, this almost Darwinian, idea. It is only in obedience to the oracle at Delphi that Orestes kills his mother, murderess and adulteress though she is. When the ancient barbaric fates, the Erynnies, pursue him to punish this blood-guilt, he takes the manly and

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forthright course—performs every rite of purification and appeals for justice against his grisly pursuers to the oracle at whose bidding he had acted. The case is brought to the bar of judgment—Æschylus against the old theology. Apollo appears as witness for Orestes, and Athena decides the case in his favor. Nor is that all. The horrible Erynnies are themselves converted, becoming the Eumenides or "friendly ones," and they take up their abode as such at Athens,

> Well-doing, well-entreated and well-honored,
> Sharing the land best loved of all the gods.

There is no better example of the katharsis of Aristotle, though the Œdipus trilogy of Sophocles and all the great plays of Shakespeare might be cited to the same effect. Those who are attuned to tragedy are no less consoled and strengthened by it than that other public is consoled and strengthened by the comedy of vapid optimism.

With the problem of the origin of evil, of its divine purpose, Æschylus struggles on no better terms than other mortals. But his conclusion is at least no worse than ours. Suffering and self-sacrifice may be made a sacrament. "Pain is gain"; the "wisdom that profiteth" is "achieved through sorrow"; "woe-recording care makes the unwilling yield to wiser thoughts." It is thus by a privilege of pain that "Zeus leadeth men in wisdom's way." Whatever may be said of this philosophically, it is devoutly spiritual, conducive to "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control." And at least the pragmatic philosopher will commend it for those who go forth to Marathon.

In "Mourning Becomes Electra" very little is to be found of either Æschylus or Sophocles, except indeed the great length of their trilogies. The normal human horror at incest becomes an interestingly Freudian libido. The upstanding manhood of Orestes, his hard-fought battle for spiritual release, becomes a weak-kneed and neurotic pessimism ending in suicide. Electra herself is so tainted in mind that she wilfully renounces escape to the brighter world and closes all doors and shutters, the more deeply to enjoy the gloom of the House of Mannon. It is the curse, the primal curse, of Erynnies who refuse to become Eumenides. That is clear. Not so the very natural question as to the monstrous sin from which it sprang. Old General Agamemnon, back from our Civil War, is much the same heavy patriot he was on his return from the fall of Troy. The Orestes, far from murdering his mother, is warmly Freudian toward her. So far as the record goes, the blight on the House of Mannon sprang from a rivalry in love between two long-deceased ancestors, and it was so far from being incestuous as to be centered on a domestic servant—which is to say that this alleged Æschylean curse sprang from the French nursery maid.

Is it possible that O'Neill's interest in technical stunts and morbid psychology registers a decline in his creative powers as great as the concomitant increase in popularity? That is a question of taste which may not be disputed, of the ultimate judgment of critics and public which it would doubtless be rash to forestall. One thing, however, is already subject to approximate demonstration. The earlier plays, somber and painful as they were in subject, had no trace of morbidity and pessimism. In the hour of his death, the hero of "Beyond the Horizon" has a sense of the privilege of pain as keen as that of Æschylus. "Only through contact with suffering," he says to his dull but well-loved brother, "will you—awaken." Throughout, his staunchness in enduring his fate is as marked as that of blind Œdipus; and as night closes in from his earthly horizon he has Hamlet's courage to see in death the ultimate felicity.

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John Corbin has been at various times dramatic critic of Harper's Weekly, *the New York* Times, *and the New York* Sun. *He was literary manager of the New Theatre, New York, from* 1908-1910, *and is the author of a number of books on dramatic and other subjects. It seems fitting at this time when "Mourning Becomes Electra" is about to go on tour through the country to present a study of it from the literary angle.*

With a Spice of Fiction

KAMONGO. By HOMER W. SMITH. New York: The Viking Press. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE

MR. SMITH'S book is an intriguing mixture of adventure, science, and controversy, and a fair exemplar of the creative imagination exercising itself in biological speculation. Assumptions that might seem fanciful according to the code of mechanical logic when issued under the ægis of science tend to appear as proclamations rather than theories, especially when advanced with that air of authority which nowadays characterizes the utterances of its Hierarchs. So I would warn those who might be inveigled by the fascination of Dr. Homer W. Smith's narrative into accepting his fiats as fixed, against too easy conversion. The old fundamentals are by no means *hors de combat.*

Revisions are in order, of course, but nothing has as yet been settled, and investing Nature with the attributes assigned under the old dispensations to God savors of substitution rather than of amendment. When one remembers how hard it is to induce matter to hold form, and that energy does not willingly submit to harness, it is difficult to conceive of the diversity of living creatures as merely the offspring of Chance. At least Genesis does offer a Potential with parts for his works. Because no occasion appears for the presence of beings of our kind is not adequate grounds for insisting that none exist. It would indeed be a wise sheep that prefigured itself as prospective mutton and tweed.

This is not stated as an aspersion of Dr. Smith's utilization of the evolutionary hypothesis but as demurrer to his conclusions. "Kamongo" is the work of a man who knows his stuff and is able to juggle with it. There is not a dull or pedantic page in a book that is compacted of knowledge and observation and moves without hesitation among the high places of thought and conjecture. And controversy was never more engagingly staged. One is led into it quite unsuspectingly through a typical Conrad setting with the Egyptian and Arabian deserts for background and brilliant starlight, palms, Arabs, and an occasional camel for relief.

The scene is a French steamboat crawling slowly through the Suez Canal on a torrid August night, her decks strewn with recumbent passengers seeking relief from the stifling heat. The proponents are perspiring in adjoining chairs. One, Joel, a naturalist returning home from an expedition in search of lung-fish in equatorial Africa; his vis-à-vis, the Padre, an Anglican clergyman on furlough from his dioceses at Tanganyika. Talk starts with exchange of reminiscence, the missionary resignedly describing the travail of a life in lone places, the naturalist sailing exuberantly into his adventures at Lake Victoria and the troubles that beset the path of one aspiring to find and transport live lung-fish from their habitat to a college laboratory thousands of miles distant. And all beautifully told.

Before the issue is joined we are midway into the book, and it is Joel's remark that the lung-fish is one of Nature's unsuccessful experiments which lifts the talk into the eternal verities. Kamongo some four hundred million years ago was the first of the fish family to develop air-breathing apparatus to enable him to live out of the water. Land life, unfortunately, required legs in addition, but the bones of his fins were not strong enough to make stumps, so, not he, but a better equipped relative pioneered the next step in the ladder of evolutionary ascent. Kamongo was left stuck in the mud in which he had learned to bury himself when streams ran dry in that remote period when the animal world was in the making.

To the Padre this construction of the case was ungrateful. Instead of a failure, Kamongo represented, to his thinking, a noble experiment, a landmark on life's upward path. To him the development of vital organisms was the unfoldment of a plan. He saw evolution "as a concerted movement on the part of life towards some upward and predetermined goal, some far-off, crowning pinnacle." "Not so," says Joel.

All the evidence is against such a view. There is no goal to the evolution of life; there is no maintained direction. It is only life flowing on through new forms, trying new ways of living and for no purpose or meaning save it wants to go on living. The story is that of a vast battle between life's will to go on living and an ever-changing and infinitely complex environment.

"You mean that Man is nothing more than one of the incidental products of this stream of life," the Padre protests.

"Certainly," Joel answers. "There is no evidence that evolution was intended to produce him. . . . Man is not so much higher or lower than the rest as—just more free. He is neither so recent a product as the house nor so highly specialized, in respect to the general character of the common mammalian stem, as the sea cow."

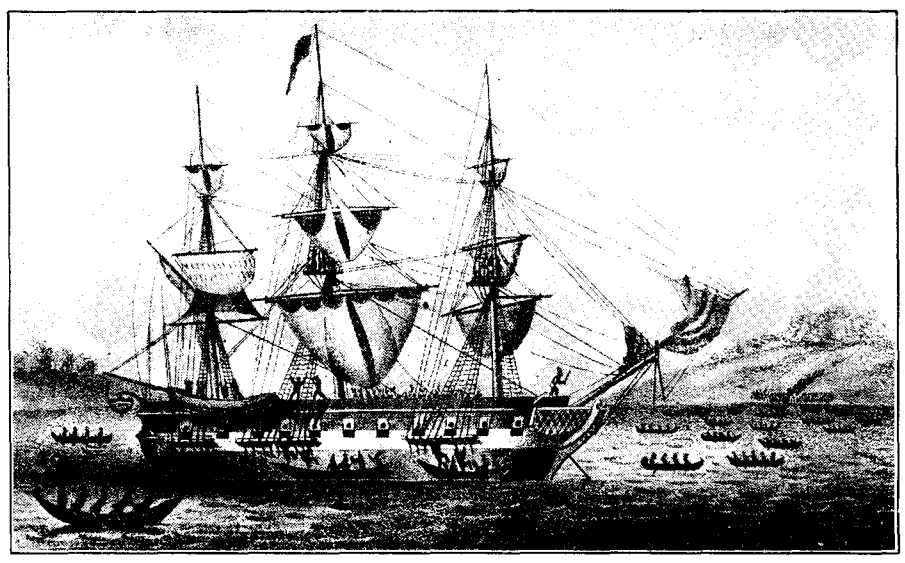
And so on.

Grieved at having to destroy the good man's delusion that something resides in Man which sets him apart from the rest of the animal world, some spark of divinity, Joel goes on to assure him that we are beasts, set apart from our brethren of the fields and streams only by the possession of better brains. "Our unique property is this mass of nerve cells which we have specialized in preference to teeth, or skin, or bones. The difference is not fundamental but only one of degree."

From there this evangelistic naturalist proceeds to retell the story of human development as biology sets it up, earnestly and with that picturesque and graphic eloquence in which reside the charm and the value of this book. It may be objected that the Padre's attitude throughout the debate suggests that of the credulous child whose parent has undertaken the sad obligation of explaining that there ain't no Santa Claus. He has little to offer in rebuttal save his confessions of faith. He might have argued that the version of our arising propounded by Joel was quite as anthropomorphic in its reversed way as those invented by the cave men to account for similar phenomena. Both were imputing to matter and energy properties that neither possessed in the absence of some catalytic agency to conjoin and apply them on behalf of a need of its own. Or, he could have remarked that, viewed in its textual development, without the visible forwarding participation of men, the evolution of civilizations bore earmarks analogous to those of genus and species. The history of architecture abounded in futile experiments. Or reminded Joel that no gyroscope generated its own qualities, or evoked them. Or asked him to observe the distinction between lightning and lighting. Or where in his scheme of things did he place that useful factor—consciousness?

After reading "Kamongo," I asked myself, Who is the better mechanist—the archæologist or the biologist? The former assumes that the artifacts he exhumes were created by beings who had the needs, the knowledge, and the parts for their works. The biologist, from his investigations of the subtle and infinitely more intricate craftsmanship of vital organisms, concludes that they "just growed." However heretical according to current recognizances, one is led to speculate as to whether scientific hypotheses may not also be triumphs of faith over experience.

John O'Hara Cosgrave, who has had a long experience as editor on newspapers and magazines, is the author of a philosophical work, "The Academy for Souls."



THE *Tonquin* AS PORTRAYED BY A CURRIER PRINT.

High Adventure

I, JAMES LEWIS. By GILBERT W. GABRIEL. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALVAH C. BESSIE

AFTER the reader has turned the first page of this novel he will heave a sigh of relief, settle himself in his chair, and disappear into early nineteenth century America. For here is such a book as all too rarely appears on the crowded lists of any publishing season, and, when it does appear, immediately raises justifiable fear among the initiate that it will be swamped in the surrounding morass of mediocrity.

These are platitudes, but the critic has little else in his arsenal of praise, for good books cannot be talked about—they must be read, and Mr. Gabriel has written a book that admits little room for adverse criticism. The reader may be slightly annoyed at first by what seems a bombastic and over-flowery style, but as one satisfying page follows another, he will appreciate that this style is part and parcel of the narrative; that it is, in a sense, the sort of bombast and prolixity of phrase practised by no less an artist than Herman Melville, and by means of whose cumulative power he attained some of his finest effects. The novel is rich, moving, and solid, rising moment by moment to the great power of its final catastrophe, and as it moves there is not a moment, not a character, not an incident that does not lend its weight to the inevitability of that catastrophe.

James Lewis went with the *Tonquin* expedition as a clerk in the service of John Jacob Astor's great fur company. With him went a motley array of rough men—and one woman. Only two men knew Perrault was a woman; James Lewis, who came to love her, and Ovide de Montigny, her lover. No moment of that journey is lacking in excitement, color, and authenticity, from the time the *Tonquin* puts out of Brooklyn Village to its arrival months later at the mouth of the Columbia River, where the great fur-trading station is established and trade is begun with the Chinooks. Well-rounded characters abound; situations rich in subtle implications are exploited to their limits. There is the love of Perrault (disguised as cabin-boy) for Ovide de Mantigny; the love of James Lewis for Perrault; the hatred of Captain Thorne for Lewis, and Lewis's hatred of Thorne, a vicious circle that binds them irrevocably together to the moment of their death. There is Thorne's hatred of the partners of Astor, all the more powerful for his unswerving devotion to the millionaire himself; there is the melancholy brooding of Mate Fox, who meets the death he had expected.

From the mouth of the Columbia the *Tonquin* sails north for further trading, leaving the partners and Ovide. Sick

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and disheartened, Perrault now clings to the introspective Lewis; Captain Thorne holds undisputed sway over his ship, and they put in to trade with the Clayoquots. It is at this point, and as a result of precedent and subsequent events that the novel attains its highest pitch of excitement and its terrific climax. All the tangled skeins of human character woven on the long journey around the Horn and up the west coast are now unraveled with masterly skill and tied together once more into an enduring fabric, for there is more to this book than a factually exciting narrative of romantic adventure.

Much research went into "I, James Lewis," and a comparison might be drawn between Gabriel's success in welding background and story, and Merle Colby's failure to do so in "All Ye People" which became, for all its scholarly details, a compendium of antiquities. Here, however, this fusion is so thorough and so complete that the book achieves a perfect illusion—you are convinced against your will that it was written by a man who lived in the early part of the nineteenth century, and that tortured man will remain with you when you have closed his book. No more could be asked of any author embarked on such a task.

Participation

HIGH MOWING. By MARION CANBY. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

MRS. CANBY'S sincere, pleasant, and thoughtful "High Mowing" is a sign of better times. Its preëminent quality is naturalness, a naturalness which makes any subject the author takes up attractive with the attraction of the new discovered. She states what she sees, thinks, or believes briefly, and often beautifully. And whether or no you see, think, or believe in the same way, you are at all times convinced that her sensation, idea, or creed must be genuine, and that she is never suffering from a suppressed desire to be impressive. Nothing could be farther from certain modern tendencies which it is to be hoped will not be modern much longer. There is nothing modish or derivative. The book is as independent of these times as "Walden" of Thoreau's. It has come out of the writer's nature uncontaminated by any contemporary theory. The knee has not been bowed in the temple of any local Baal.

As to every lover of wild country, to Mrs. Canby wild country is like an extension, an enlargement, of her own mind. You feel at all times in the book an almost fibrous connection between the world which is within and the world which is without, what Levi Brühl calls *participation mystique*. This is something utterly different from the vulgar escape from human proximity, for it promotes a positive expansion of our powers and actively alters our attitudes so that we can look at what may have grown old and ordinary —an acquaintance's face or a book recommended by a friend—and watch it turn young and interesting. A great part of the charm of "High Mowing" is derived from the writer's capacity to feel and to make us feel this sense of participation.

The book takes its title from the harvesting of some New England hill-meadow, and the seventy-odd poems which it contains are all interesting. Together they form a strongly individual history of emotion now ironic now poignant. Mrs. Canby has found her own say to say about the great simplicities and the great complexities. And that say has the veracity of experience, an experience employed but not exploited. She has not tried to look picturesque among the haycocks. And accordingly her poems will touch any reader who has kept himself unspotted from artificiality.

Like all books, "High Mowing" has defects. To this reviewer some of the poems appear obscure. The thought has escaped, if not from the author, at least from the reader. The author has, of course, an unkind rejoinder available against such a stricture. But Mrs. Canby writes so well that it is a pity when she permits herself atmospheric ellipses or hyperbolic departures into the unknown. Nor is the book altogether free from technical blemishes. It is unfortunate that so striking a poem as "To a Fine Spirit" should suffer so in its last couplet. But form will do the ancient wrong on meaning.

However, it is pleasanter to give up the captious and niggling attitude. The following description of a mood seems to me very good indeed:

COME NO NEARER

I have closed the doors in my eyes—
Come no nearer!
(I do not believe that lies
Make truth clearer.)
No welcomes wait within;
The shades are down—
My soul sits rigid and thin
In a spinster's gown.

And this picture of that desperate condition when we are more afraid of wild elements in ourselves than of all other combined terrors is to the reviewer acute, touching, and full of power.

VIOLENCE

There's a storm brewing somewhere
In the deep reaches of my mind.
There's a tenseness in the arching of the air
Over that hill. When the curtain shifts behind,
A sinister gleam slips forth, first sparkings of a fire
Of fagots high as the sky, set for a grand leap higher
To scorch the feet of the Great White King
Who sits on a throne considering—
If the fagots go up in a flash,
Look out! For the sky may crash!
The world of my mind may burn to an ash—
Light the lights! Pull the shades down!
Hear the wind dash!

The longest and most ambitious of the poems, "Night of Storm," though also the most uneven, is a really fine bit of lyrical description. The storms within and without are interwoven like parts of a musical form. But the pathos inseparable from a romantic comparison is completely avoided by a natural one. The poem has a factual quality—it has things in it—real things. And I for one was pleased by a couplet in the coda with which the piece ends:

Out in light, many miles,
I shall find my native isles.

I don't know why I like this so much, nor do I care, but it is a type of Mrs. Canby's gift. She is voyaging toward her isles to some purpose.

The Skeptic Tank

(Continued from page 693)

of a bourgeois ideology, all petty in the view of a proletarian. Family life, education, the workingman's improved standard of living, mechanical advance—most of all, whatever measure of relative content and happiness was attained in America—are all dismissed with the sneer of "bourgeois." The Civil War resulted in the overthrow of a noble if mistaken aristocracy by a faintly unpleasant middle class. Give a dog a bad name, and hang him!

These skeptic tanks are backing up drainage upon history. Skepticism as to the transcendent rightness of the American system as taught in the old text-books was right enough, but such septic skepticism is an offense to the nostrils. Oliver Wendell Holmes lived in no ideal world, and was well aware of that fact. He was, one admits, ignorant of some aspects of the philosophy which condemned the mill workers of Lowell and Fall River to long hours at low wages. He was (in theory at least) a capitalist, and, according to Marxism, a member of and spokesman for the middle class. But note that when you begin to speak of him as bourgeois with sour skeptic emphasis on the word, the picture begins to crumple. An urbane, a civilized, and a humorous man has a label tied around his neck and is grotesquely misrepresented.

This is what skepticism does when it is allowed to grow sour in the tank. And doubtless, when the reaction comes, our successors, who by that time will have grown accustomed to thinking by words and condemning by definition, will speak of those crass proletarians, Mr. Dreiser and Mr. Dos Passos.

Examine your skeptic tanks, friends. Do they need a fresh charge, or just a Spring cleaning?

A Noble Life

PAST YEARS. An Autobiography. By SIR OLIVER LODGE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1932. $3.50.

ADVANCING SCIENCE. By SIR OLIVER LODGE. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by MADELINE MASON

THE Reverend William Cole, the garrulous friend of Horace Walpole, defines his journal as "the importance of a man to his own self." He who sets out to write his own biography is usually moved by a similar urge toward self-justification, by the very human craving to mark his name indelibly, be it on ever so small a stone of the world's market, that his fellows may say: "Look, we remember such a one," and thereby expand his little day.

Sir Oliver Lodge's autobiography is unique among works of this kind, for it is impelled neither by a belief in his own importance nor by any thought of posthumous fame. Indeed, but for the insistence of his publishers and friends, it would have remained unwritten, since Sir Oliver at eighty was still unpersuaded of the interest of his life story and could scarcely be induced to undertake it.

The extreme modesty which separates this volume from its more egotistic fellows is exceeded only by the passion for scientific exactitude which extends to even the smallest details. Thus, in recalling his schooldays, "memories largely colored by the various kinds of thrashing I received," Sir Oliver fears to overstate the case against the schoolmaster and adds that "his own ignorance was no doubt irritating." The instinct for honesty, the rejection of the falsely pretentious so characteristic of the man and of his book, showed in the boy. A prize having been offered to learn a portion of the Eton Latin Grammar then in disuse, the little Oliver set about the task, but becoming dissatisfied with his progress, abandoned it, "though they said I was stupid, inasmuch as I should certainly have got the prize, even with the attempt I had so far made. But this was a piece of worldly wisdom beyond me at the time. I had a sort of conscientious scruple against showing up anything that I didn't know properly."

That this unworldliness stayed with him through life is everywhere apparent. He explains that "Tyndall's own life and 'Faraday as a Discoverer,' which he wrote, led me to think that devotion to truth was the end and aim of everything; and it gave me a somewhat misleading hope that true statements might be trusted to make their way immediately, and that people would be ready and willing to recognize them without need for emphasis and self-advertisement. Only gradually did I find—what, after all, common sense should have told me—that people were far too busy about their own concerns to attend. I learnt also the useful lesson that if one indulged in any kind of self-depreciation, it was apt to be fully absorbed and magnified beyond original intention, whereas any positive achievement was liable to be completely overlooked unless distastefully driven in. The atmosphere of the scientific world is not so ideal in every respect as the influence of Tyndall and Faraday led me to think it was, led me indeed to act as if it really were; an attitude which caused me occasional disappointment."

Thus, when he demonstrated wireless telegraphy at Oxford two years before the arrival of Marconi in England, he failed to bring it to the attention of the head of the Telegraph Department, who consequently received Marconi's ideas as new and original, though they were already stale to Sir Oliver's colleagues. Advised to oppose the granting of Marconi's first patent, with that early idealism still untouched, he declined to "increase Marconi's difficulties."

From whence one may gauge the quality of the man. It is this high-mindedness, this intransigeant pursuit of reality, that makes of Sir Oliver Lodge's autobiography a rare and gallant record, one not to be duplicated in all the annals of memoirs, one not to be spared from any library.

The smaller volume, "Advancing Science," should be read in conjunction with "Past Years" for its further detail of the scientifiv progress in which he played so prominent a role. With the easy grace that marks all his writing and that makes the most stubborn scientific problem clear to the layman, he recalls the yearly meetings of the British Association of Scientists, giving us revealing pictures of Tyndall, Huxley, Kelvin, Rayleigh, and the other giants of the nineteenth century who were his friends and colleagues, interspersed with delightful humor and anecdote, together with scenes of early travel in Canada and the States.

It is interesting to ponder Sir Oliver's reminder that the basis of relativity, the theory that the velocity of light in space is an absolute constant, is a postulate only, unverified as yet by any direct demonstration, and that the problems of aberration have still to be completely solved. Noteworthy, too, is his prediction that the ether theory, now so unpopular, may yield in future points of departure for new interpretations. We may follow as well his introduction to psychic research from his early days of unbelief, through the experiments in telepathy suggested to him by William James, and on to his gradual conviction of the possibility of survival after death.

"The subject still bristles with difficulties. All I plead for is study. Differences of opinion are quite legitimate. Telepathy still requires explanation: sometimes it shades into the still more intricate question of clairvoyance. An unlimited faculty of clairvoyance would render the proof of surviving personality, by means of supposed communications from a specified individual, singularly difficult." Among Sir Oliver's sympathetic followers during a period made burdensome by the reluctance of scientific bodies to investigate this hitherto unsounded field was Lord Balfour, of whom Sir Oliver writes: "His interest in psychical research was denounced by politicians as a fad, but I gather that, if it was a choice of abandoning one or the other, he would sooner have abandoned politics." And of himself: "If I can be used by Higher Powers to bear testimony to truth, then, whether palatable or not, that is all I ask. Forward, then, into the unknown!"

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE. By RADCLYFFE HALL. *Cape-Ballou.*

An allegory presenting under the guise of French peasants of today the story of Christ, Joseph, and Mary.

AMERICAN OUTPOST. By UPTON SINCLAIR. *Farrar & Rinehart.*

The reminiscences of an interesting personality.

THE HALT AND THE BLIND. By HOWARD W. HAGGARD. *Harpers.*

A survey of medical history in certain of its aspects, designed to show its influence on present civilization.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Excursions in Recovery

RECOVERY: THE SECOND EFFORT. By SIR ARTHUR SALTER. New York: The Century Company. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by SHEPARD MORGAN

SIR ARTHUR SALTER'S book suffers from the size of his undertaking. Its scene is the world, and the nations move across its stage like the characters in a play, pursued by forces which threaten catastrophe. One must admire the skill with which the dramatic scheme is developed—the interplay of motive and penalty, the perverse consequence of national self-seeking, the results of avarice, distrust, and hatred. But when one comes to the solutions, they are insufficiently sketched in, and the reader is left at a loss to know whether they are adequate or not.

Yet for all that, the book merits most careful attention. Its analytical passages, dealing among other things with the gold problem, foreign lending, reparations and war debts, commercial policy and tariffs, political relationships among European nations and between them and the United States—these are treated with clarity and precision, and with extraordinary freedom from nationalistic bias. Sir Arthur Salter's long experience, now unhappily terminated, as head of the Economic Section of the League of Nations, provided the tribune from which he speaks; and if no national policy since the war commends itself to him, neither does any escape his comprehending criticism. As a telescopic survey of what has transpired, as an explanation of why the nations of the world are now in desperate straits, the book stands in the same category with Mr. Walter Lippmann's recently published cross-section of the events of 1931.

By reason perhaps of Sir Arthur's method of outlining his solutions, the impression is created that he has not thought them through. In contrast with his fervent, incisive comments on past events, his proposals for the future have the color of suggestions casually dropped by an agile and fertile mind, but wanting proof as to their feasibility or their sufficiency. I propose to discuss only one of them in detail, that which has to do with reparations and war debts. The others for the most part have one characteristic in common: they call for the creation of new international agencies or the elaboration of those which already exist. Quite aside from any impairment of national sovereignty which their operations might involve, their effectiveness is open to question. For the record of international commissions established since the war, except such as have been dominated by a single personality, has not on the whole been efficient or always impartial. If, in order to cope with the increasing complexity of economic life, it becomes necessary, as Sir Arthur thinks, to abandon *laissez-faire* and substitute for it a planned economy functioning internationally, any new scheme for that purpose must be proven before we undertake it. It will not do to prescribe an international commission and stop there. For an international commission piles machinery of control on top of existing internal controls, and these may be perplexing enough already. If it is to have any chance of success, or indeed, if the plan for it is to have any chance of acceptance, the need for it must be proven and the scope of its operations be defined.

The solution Sir Arthur proposes for reparations and war debts is briefly this: A moratorium lasting four or five years, to cover the depression and a period for Germany's recovery after it; and if possible a final settlement now on a scale considerably below the schedules of the Young Plan. The new scale would be flexible, and in an amount approximating that of the present unconditional annuity of 612 million reichsmarks a year, reduced, however, to take account of the fall in gold prices. He attains flexibility—that is, a rise or decline in the volume of payments as prosperity increases or diminishes—by calling upon Germany to hand over shares in the German Railway Company and in some of her principal industries. The shares, as distinguished from bonds, would not carry a fixed rate of return but would yield a larger or smaller income as business conditions allowed. The principal part of the sums so obtained would go to France, and the remainder to the other reparation creditors. Europe would then treat collectively with the United States. "It is evident," remarks Sir Arthur, "that the inevitable remission of claims on Germany must involve a suspension and adjustment of war debt, too, whether it comes in the form of agreed concession or collective default."

This solution has the merits of simplicity and ingenuity—the latter because it takes care within limits of the problem of how to make the volume of reparations rise or fall proportionately with German prosperity. But I think it neglects two paramount factors, let alone the willingness of France to forego a substantial part of her income on reparation account. The neglect of these two factors prejudices and perhaps makes abortive the entire solution.

The first of these is political. In another connection Sir Arthur remarks, and I think truly, that anxiety as to international relations in 1931 was the main factor in precipitating the financial crisis. Accordingly, release from the crisis is to be attained by removing or mitigating the cause. Reparations are not the sole factor of political disturbance; far from it. But they have proved ever since the last months of the Dawes Plan to be a disturbing factor of first-rate importance. And since the sharpening of the crisis, the amount of reparations has not been the issue in Germany, but whether reparations shall be paid at all. Reparations have thus been magnified far beyond their money value, and it is hard to imagine Germany taking on any part of the load again except under political compulsion. If the political stream is to be kept muddy, Germany's creditors will lose the greater part of their reparataion income in vain.

This leads to the second point, which concerns the United States. Sir Arthur's solution contemplates a process of collective bargaining between the European debtors on one side and America on the other, with default the penalty for declining it. Granted that the debts are not good for much, this seems by all odds the most unprofitable way to lose them. The curse on reparations would not be allayed by this method of dealing with the debts, but, like the curse on Alberich's ring, would continue through to strain our relations with Europe for a decade.

But there is another way to make the collective bargain, and this I believe would give the United States ample compensation, for it would mitigate the trouble at the root of the crisis. In return, let us say, for a political armistice lasting ten years from the adjournment of the present Disarmament Conference, plus, of course, the total elimination of reparations, we trade the debts in altogether. The benefit to France is the status quo, to Germany, the assurance that in ten years' time the issues left over from the Treaty of Versailles would come up for peaceful consideration and, above all, relief from reparations. This solution in bare outline offers the fairest chances of success, and, if successful, release from the worst phase of the crisis.

Shepard Morgan, one of the vice presidents of the Chase National Bank, was associated with S. Parker Gilbert when the latter was agent general for reparation payments of Germany.

Lloyd George's Apologia

(*Continued from page* 693)

bers accurately the British election of 1918, which produced the worst Parliament of modern English history, can entirely acquit Mr. Lloyd George of all responsibility for the character of the national forces which afterwards hampered his policy. The country (as indeed the world) was hovering between two moods —on the one hand, the generous and aspiring mood, which had found its expression in the Fourteen Points and in the movement for a League of Nations, and on the other, the vindictive and bitter mood which afterwards seized control of the Peace Conference. I well remember with what anxiety those of us who realized something of what was involved waited to see which mood Mr. Lloyd George would encourage, and with what bitter disappointment we read his Mansion House speech which gave us our answer. It is true that, even at the moment when passion ruled highest, he was not himself deceived as to the possibility of Germany paying the whole cost of the war, and he may truly claim that he never spoke without a qualifying clause. But our criticism is deeper. For a few weeks he distrusted, without cause, his then overwhelming political influence with the electorate; he yielded to the worse mood, and associated himself with the less worthy appeal, with consequences ultimately both fatal to himself and disastrous to the world. He struggled with indomitable courage and unequalled force for years against these few weeks of weakness, but the fates were inexorable.

The second comment is this. Mr. Lloyd George (like General Smuts) not only accepted but urged and secured the inclusion of pensions in the damage for which Germany was to be made responsible. This was apparently a breach of the pledge given to Germany in the acceptance of the Fourteen Points. And it had this fatal consequence. It inevitably made the total assessment, which the Reparation Commission was bound to make in accordance with the Treaty, come to a figure for which no reasonable schedule of payments could be framed. This destroyed any chance there might have been of the Reparation problem passing from politics to the settlement of an autonomous "expert" body. It remained true that the total debt could be changed, but only with the unanimous consent of the Governments; and the real discussions in the ensuing years took place not in the Commission but in Governmental Conferences. I do not wish to stress this point, for even if pensions had been omitted, and the schedule of damage so lightened in consequence that the total *ought* to have been a practicable one, I doubt whether in fact, in the passions of the time the Reparation Commission would in fact have handled the problem successfully. But whatever chance they might have had was destroyed. The inclusion of pensions was of course not a mistake of inadvertence. I was at the time working with the Supreme Economic Council and secured a representation (as doubtless others did too) through a more influential person than myself for the omission of pensions, arguing that as the scheduled damage without pensions would certainly come to at least as much as Germany could pay for, the inclusion of pensions (with at best doubtful legality) would not alter the total of what Germany would in fact pay. Yes: but it supplied a powerful argument to Great Britain and the Dominions when it came to a question of distributing the proceeds of reparation between them and France, Italy, and Belgium. As between these recipients the moral claim for reckoning pensions (as urged for example by General Smuts) was indeed great. But that does not alter the fact that the exaction from Germany was legally doubtful; and the effect on the future course of reparations disastrous. Mr. Lloyd George passes over this question in silence.

One third qualification of Mr. Lloyd George's apologia must be made. He argues that his own view was much more moderate than that of the responsible experts who advised him; and he publishes the very striking Report of an Advisory Committee in which such people as Lord Cunliffe, Governor of the Bank of England, Lord Summer, and Mr. W. M. Hughes, suscribe to the fantastic opinion that Germany could bear a debt of £24,000 million and pay £1,200 million (approximately $6,000 million) a year! He says quite truly that he was never a party to such folly himself; and that there was a good deal of such folly about among people who ought to have known better. Yes: but there were others. Nobody is a better judge of a man than Mr. Lloyd George. He knew quite well the difference between such men as those who subscribed to that document and people like Mr. J. M. Keynes. And when he selected the members of that Advisory Committee, it is hard to believe that he expected a report which would strengthen him in pressing for a moderate policy.

Whatever may have been Mr. Lloyd George's weaknesses and concessions before the Treaty was signed (and even in this period they were balanced by a sane foresight and a skilful insistence upon provisions which would at least allow of later modification if the public temper allowed), he fought with great skill and indomitable persistence in the following years to secure a lightening of Germany's burden. With so many handicaps, both external and self-created, no one perhaps would have so nearly attained success. But he was confronted by the inexorable will, the unmitigated legality, the concentrated purpose, and the untiring persistence of Monsieur Poincaré. The rancor of that long quarrel is reflected in every reference to his great antagonist. I can well understand the bitterness.

I was General Secretary of the Reparation Commission while Monsieur Poincaré was its President, and I remember often reflecting that there were perhaps no men upon earth with temperaments so incompatible as these two. Mr. Lloyd George thinks that the dominant purpose of his antagonist throughout was not to secure the utmost German mark in reparation, but to make impossible demands which would be a pretext for occupation and the seizure of the Rhineland. I do not know. It is certain that Poincaré resented the agreement to leave the Rhineland with Germany; that he attempted in several ways to reverse that decision; that he drove towards the occupation of the Ruhr as if it were an end in itself; that he is a Lorrainer with a cold passion of hatred against the invaders of his country. But he is also a lawyer, conceiving

INTERNATIONAL EURYTHMICS

From "Lloyd George," by "Mr. Punch" (Stokes).

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his duty to be to execute and not to revise; and his imperviousness to arguments as to Germany's capacity was so complete as to create an increasing, if surprised, conviction that it was sincere. Those who defend his reparation policy against Lloyd George's on its merits have two things to say. In the first place, if he would never move at all; Lloyd George seemed to be always moving. The increasing bitterness of the French against Lloyd George was due to the growing conviction (not without some justification) that they were negotiating with him on a false basis, because he never regarded a settlement as a settlement, but only as a stage in a downward process of reduction—and they could never find what, if any, was in his own mind intended as the limit to that process of reduction. The second argument urged in Poincaré's defense is that, wasteful, exacerbating, and disastrous as the Ruhr occupation was, neither Germany nor Great Britain nor America would without it have come to the point at which they would have combined to secure a Dawes settlement.

When every discount is made, I think it is true that Lloyd George showed more foresight, and fought harder for a moderate reparation settlement, in the years that immediately succeeded the war than any other leading statesman. He has had less than justice done him; and the world has forgotten his real stature in these crucial and critical years that succeeded the war. For some time he was the chief representative in Europe and the world of the forces making for reconciliation and appeasement. I remember the impression described to me by the Prime Minister of a small European country when Lloyd George rose at the opening of the Genoa Conference—the apogee of his influence and the turning point of his fortunes. "It was," he said, "the greatest figure in the world that rose before the Conference and the voice, for the time, was the voice of Europe."

This is perhaps a sufficient indication of the contribution made to history in this book by the only survivor of the principal statesmen at Paris; and one of the two principal protagonists in the whole history of reparations who still remain.

There follows an able and illuminating analysis of the economic effect of reparation and war debts in relation to the present depression. It well explains their special characteristics as "deadweight debts" with no counterpart in an earning asset (in contrast with the obligation resulting from a loan to build a railway, for example) and (in contrast with internal public debts) involving the necessity for obtaining foreign exchange. The way in which their effects have been aggravated by high tariffs is also clearly depicted. Only a few comments are necessary. When Mr. Lloyd George argues that payments (involving ultimately the import of goods) reduce unemployment in the receiving countries, it must be remembered that they relieve taxation *pro tanto* and therefore leave more spending power in the pockets of the taxpayer, which results in compensatory employment in another direction. There is some dislocation, but there is not in principle a net permanent reduction of employment. As to war debts, the arguments for remission derived from their effect on the balance of payments and upon the depression, and from the circumstances of their origin, are powerfully urged. In urging, on the whole rightly, the large extent to which the British debt was due to the needs of the Allies, the argument goes too far in stating that Great Britain *guaranteed* the Allied loans. On the other hand, the effect of the fall in prices is understated.

In several passages, and in the conclusion, Mr. Lloyd George rightly emphasizes the importance of economic nationalism, in all its manifestations, including high tariffs, as an important factor in causing the crisis and in aggravating the burden on the exchanges caused by the debts. This to some extent, though perhaps not completely, corrects the impression that the book as a whole gives that reparation and war debts have been not only an important factor (as they have been) but *the* principal factor in the crisis. The causes are complex: unbalanced production partly resulting from the war; defects in the working of the gold standard; reckless and irregular lending and borrowing; high and changing tariffs; and political apprehensions are all among them. It is the combined effect of these with the weight of the debts that is the basis of the world's trouble. They need to be seen as a whole, in proper relation to one another, and in due proportion. Mr. Lloyd George has made a substantial contribution to our knowledge of one of these causes.

The book is therefore important, though unequal, and here and there tending, as usually happens with the inclusion of a personal apologia, to loss of due balance and proportion. It will be very regrettable if attention is so far concentrated on the apologia that the other and very valuable features of the book receive inadequate consideration.

Sir Arthur Salter was, until his recent resignation, Director of the Economic Section of the League of Nations. His book, "Recovery," is reviewed on another page.

The Happy Thinker

THE LIFE OF EMERSON. By VAN WYCK BROOKS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

MR. BROOKS'S new biography of Emerson will strike sparks wherever it goes, for it is itself a work of the imagination. We are rather too familiar in 1932 with biographies that are works of the fancy, with novels, part fabrication and part fact, in which the hero, who happens to have really lived, is made to conform to a clever plot into which the events of his life have been forced by the powerful desire of the writer to make a book that will sell. This is not that kind of biography. And we are wearily familiar with the debunking study, useful at first in the on-

RALPH WALDO EMERSON IN YOUTH.

rush of a new realism, but now too often the self-expression of a little mind annoyed by the history of a big one. To make a story of Emerson's life is fortunately impossible, and to debunk that shining spirit is like satirizing an authentic saint. But he can be Puritanized, emasculated, localized, made to seem futile, and, worst of all, etherealized, all of which disasters Mr. Brooks has escaped by a true blend of the creative imagination with sound scholarship.

Emerson can rightly be presented only as a happy man, not happy as Herrick in his parsonage or Boswell amid gossip, but happy as a man thinking, happy in the arduous and often defeated pursuit of a creative idealism. Born, as his Aunt Mary said, to bring fire and light to the race of mortals, he had the good fortune to inherit the courage and self-confidence of a chosen race of intellectuals; the good luck to be brought up in an environment where the daily adventures of the mind were regarded as happiness and esteemed of greater importance than getting on in the Yankee world; and the inestimable privilege of an undogmatic spirit infinitely curious, infinitely determined to solve the problem of living, detached from too much passion of the ego, and yet passionately interested in every kind of man. As Emerson said of Wordsworth, so we can of Emerson, he treated the human soul with absolute trust. And so his mind became a delicate instrument always vibrating between perception and expression, and his oracular sayings, which never constitute a system of philosophy, and yet never degenerate into idealistic rhetoric, have a validity which outlasts change in circumstance because they speak the deep emotional experiences of an intellect more eager to interpret than to preach. They have an importance which no change in the economic or social basis of his America can alter. And hence no one ever reads Emerson's essays as sermons. They are hortatory, eloquent, and persuasive even in a period of realism, but what one feels in them is not a program (compensation, the over soul, back to nature) so much as intuition powerfully directed by a fine mind. For Emerson rushed upon experience which, if purely intellectual and esthetic in its nature, was nevertheless quite wide enough to contain the representative men of his time, and literature and philosophy, and every type of character in Concord.

No ordinary biography can do more and the facts have been long available. Mr. Brooks has chosen the far more difficult task of interpreting the man and interpreting his environment. The materials were at hand in a whole literature of Concord, of Boston, of Harvard, and of the contacts of Emerson himself here and abroad. Most of all in the voluminous journals which Emerson kept from early youth, which were in a very real sense Emerson, and from which all his essays were made. The problem was to synthesize the man, his environment, and his work. And for this was required a sensitive and scholarly mind which could hold in solution all this mass of material and then in successive chapters, and as often as possible in the words of Emerson himself and his contemporaries, recreate the mental life and physical background of his subject. It is a dangerous method, for it implies in the reader not merely a sympathetic interest in Emerson and his times, but some general knowledge of the man and his works, and it requires on the part of the writer a high pitch of imagination, like that of a great story teller who recalls the very pitch and intonation of long dead voices, and sees, in the famous scene which he is recreating from memory, significances which were half hidden in the time past.

If there is any criticism to be made upon Mr. Brooks's living chapters it is that they are almost too contemporary, too personal to Emerson and his group. The mind of the reader supplies a running commentary of surprise, recognition, and regret, bringing his own knowledge of what has happened since or what never came off as a footnote to the narrative, but Mr. Brooks provides no chorus, not even by tone or irony. The sarcasm of a Guedalla discharging the twentieth century upon the eighteenth in a phrase or an epithet is foreign to his method. He tries to present Emerson as he was, in a period as it was, and the illumination is from later knowledge, not later judgment. Hence this book has an admirable unity and great vividness. And hence also the extraordinary success with which the background of Concord life (here more vividly analyzed and dramatized than elsewhere in American literary history) becomes an integral part, active and reactive, of Emerson.

This book, unlike Mr. Brooks's earlier volumes, has no thesis. It is not a study of a frustrated Emerson, or a frustrating America. It is not even a study of a New England Renaissance nipped by Boston and the Civil War, although the reader may draw his own conclusions. It deals essentially with a dramatized Emerson, against a background given the life of drama by selective methods akin to the best devices of the modern stage. And, like drama, it is not always easy reading. The paragraphs are packed with excerpt and allusion so tightly wedged that only a student of Emerson will realize how much source material has gone into the lines. The style, often brilliant, is sometimes involved in the wealth of citation. The dramatic method leaves little room for explanation, and it is well (as I have said) to have read about Emerson and in Emerson before tackling this book. It is not the best interpretation of Emerson we have had, although one of the best interpretations. It is not the best outline of his life. But it is by all odds the best, the most accurate, the most representative Emerson in biography. It *is* Emerson, the happy thinker, because the book itself is a loving and intelligent and well documented effort of a creative imagination. And only so can the finest biographies be written.

Let me add, by way of footnote, that the portrait of Carlyle in this volume, though by flashes only, is excellent. That Hawthorne in his curious relations with Emerson is better depicted here than elsewhere, although Mr. Brooks has missed, I think, the key to their differences in the profound skepticism of the author of "The Scarlet Letter." That Thoreau in his human relations is admirably studied, not so well in his intellectual. Brooks's Margaret Fuller and his Aunt Mary Emerson are superb, his Alcott the first credible study made in our century. If there is one element lacking in the whole picture, it is the West, actual and imagined. Mr. Brooks has never yet looked with Emerson beyond the Alleghenies, and although the economic basis of Emerson's society is a theme which could be omitted from this study of an idealist, the West, for Emerson, was more than economy. Emerson the imaginative pioneer he does not properly comprehend. But his book will prove to be the classic study of the high point of the spiritual renaissance of New England, and of Emerson as protagonist.

In a Lodging House

APARTMENTS TO LET. By NORAH HOULT. New York: Harper & Bros. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by MARION C. DODD

THE obvious human interest inherent in hotel or boarding-house life has found its way into literature or drama more than once in the last few years, and seems likely to lose none of its appeal. No wonder; there is to be found a perpetual incongruity and dramatic suggestion: propinquity warring with diversity, community of surroundings with privacy of soul. Almost anything is possible.

Miss Hoult in her latest novel has contributed to this type of work. It is a very interesting and successful achievement which has evidently been well suited to the talents of her observing and penetrating mind. Observation, indeed, is the keynote of the book,—not melodrama, hardly even drama; merely life. The occupants of the drab rooms in Mrs. Peabody's dreary but highly respectable London lodging-house do not weave their little existences into some combined effective climax of artificial plot; they have almost—not quite—as little to do with one another at the end of the book as at the beginning. Their lives merely go on,—touching at a few important or unimportant points, separating again, and continuing, with the malevolent and all-powerful landlady laying a prying finger upon all of them.

Continuance, the on-flow of life, is what the reader feels. Old Mr. Hobson goes on clerking at the draper's after untold years of it: off at eight, home at six. (That's what a landlady really likes, dependable hours and no high spots.) Leonard, the young architect, enthusiastic and idealistic, loses the girl he has worshipped; but we have known all along she wasn't good enough for him and would jilt him, and are glad when his little tragedy is over and he has strength to keep his head up and go on. Flashy Miss Crossley, self-styled journalist and with the best brains in the book, loves her London and has a signal ready for every man who passes her on the street, but—well, life after thirty-five drags a bit, and her husband will take her back if she'll come.

The conversations and reflections of these characters are done throughout in a masterly way, as are all the details of life, drab, sad, cruel, commonplace—quietly transcribed in a simple and direct style. But it is the larger lines back of these figures that draw a broad picture and carry a genuine appeal.

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The BOWLING GREEN

Bicentennial

(From our Special Correspondent)

A SUDDEN phone call at three o'clock Saturday held an invitation to accompany Ed to Washington over the week-end. It suited me just right as I had a fact or two to extort from the Congressional Library and I wanted to visit Mt. Vernon with the George Washington Bicentennial in full bloom (Bloom?). Ed was timid about venturing to the capital alone, in fact he had only a vague idea of where Washington was. I knew we'd have to leave from Penn Station and we were lucky enough to blunder into the Congressional Limited leaving at 4:30. The unexpected announcement that our tickets would cost only $8.50 round trip (instead of $8.36 each way) lifted our spirits still higher and we decided to travel in proper style with the saving. So we ordered Pullman seats in the casual manner of travellers quite accustomed to luxury en route—although I've always had an idea that it's easier to fall asleep, and stay asleep, in a day coach than in the scientific Pullman seat. At any rate the alert Pullman Company wants you not only to be comfortable, warm, and free from dust and draught, but they invite you to read about it. We found on the semi-circular window shelf between our seats two gay booklets, Pullman Facts No. 9, *The Bureau of Tests* and No. 3, *The World's Greatest Housekeeper*. Shy of hair as I am I *need* a soft head rest; yet I never realized that "there are 2½ pounds of the best goose feathers in the Pullman pillow, and widely separated parts of the world are drawn on for them. The best feathers are American, because they are from larger birds and therefore are larger, more resilient feathers. But Americans are large consumers of feathers and comparatively small producers of geese; so the deficit must be made up by importations." This was reassuring, especially after having been warned (in No. 8) that "in this car you are surrounded by hidden mechanisms, concealed devices, ingenuities of construction, electrical wizardries, and unsuspected accessories." Ed and I had been disturbed by that and had apportioned the journey into a series of watches, one of us to be vigilant every moment of the trip. "But a consideration of the Pullman washing will give you the biggest kick." (No. 3) "If the linen were all to come out of the wash at once it would total 284,685,235 pieces! If this were hung diagonally across the American continent, you would have to stretch 20 lines from Key West to Nome to accommodate it." Not to mention the clothes pins! "Passengers use over eight pieces of linen." Well some dusty reckless traveller may luxuriate in 14 as I accounted for two only—1 napkin, 1 towel. I dropped nothing on the tablecloth. "Washing a Pullman blanket is nothing less than a ceremony"; unfortunately, no details. In No. 12, *Travel, the Educator*, we learn that "once it was feared that this country was too big to hold together; but universal travel has made this country know itself and brought assurance of sympathetic understanding and perpetual unity. School children not only study history, but see its process; increasing thousands of them, like their elders, each year visit the National Capital and see the Governmental machine at work. The shrines of patriotism and the seats of power are truly a common heritage." Ed and I looked up at the passengers preparing to alight at Philadelphia. Not patriots. There are, or were, 12 of these intriguing little books; we collected a set; but one—No. 11, is, it seems, out of print, scarce and hard to find. Its title—*Exploding the Myth of Cheaper European Rates*. Is it possible the myth wouldn't explode and that No. 11 was withdrawn from circulation by the publisher?

At Baltimore we made for the diner; it was then we discovered we'd been riding, most appropriately, in *George Washington*, car 314. And the revolutionary palace just forward was *Benjamin Franklin*. Remembering Poor Richard with a roll of bread under his arm we contented ourselves with the special dinner for 85c. We seemed to enjoy it more than our friend opposite who swallowed, with a deep frown, a $2.00 steak. Ed, who was making the trip on some sort of budget, thought that 10% of our $1.70 check would be plenty but I had been nervously watching the tips, wondering the while why 25c per head seemed to be the standard, how long it had been the vogue, etc. But we got out of the car safely.

We reached Union Station on time, 8:15 I think. We won a tug of war with a, fortunately, small red cap for the possession of Ed's bag. Recovering our wind we strolled lazily into the station, the last off the train, and the only ones seemingly not going to a fixed point in a hurry.

The main waiting room, dwarfing in length our own Penn Station and Grand Central, held us for a moment as we tried to determine whether the array of female figures supporting the roof were Brunhildes, Britannias, or Columbias.

I have always thought the view of Grand Canyon from El Tovar the most amazing sight in America. One sees it with dramatic suddenness after a slow ascent from the nearby station. Just as sudden, and to us surely more surprising was the illumined dome of the Capitol which stood straight in front of us as we left the station. Passengers coming to Washington for the first time who are inveigled into the taxis on the right, miss a picture more thrilling than they'll see in their entire stay.

We had no hotel reservations but had decided after a close study of the train hotel-register, on The Mayflower. I wasn't entirely happy about the selection and I secretly suspected Ed wanted to write some letters on the Mayflower stationery. I was afraid, not being senators or Men with a Message, that they wouldn't let us in, and that if they did it would cost so much we'd not be able to get out. But we were nicely handled and courteously installed, in adjoining rooms, at $4 a day.

It was miserable weather and for excitement I suggested a walk about the lobby just to see what would happen. "Something will happen if you topple over any of that statuary." The pictures depressed us. We wondered how long it took to select them—"one hour in a department store," Ed ventured; we tried to guess what they had cost. "Too much," we agreed. We thought of the stacks and piles of canvases gathering dust in studios in New York alone. Many of them admirable work, wanting only a buyer and a place to hang and be seen. (What made the Lincoln Arcade Studio, 66th & Broadway, such a furious blaze two years ago was the thousands of just such unsold American pictures. Unsold because American?) What a fine gesture it would be, if the next great hotel were to confine its picture-buying to American canvases, water colors and prints! How much less it would cost the astute Committee, how much better artistically the result, how much more valuable the collection in years to come! Assuming of course the exercise of no less taste and judgment than is used in selecting third-rate foreign examples and dull copies of masterpieces. The pity of it is, there seems so much ignorance of the very existence of American art.

Well, that was a digression: Ed and I really didn't think twice about it. We were curious however to see if Washington had such a thing as a Night Life. The wires stay hot with the news of what happens during the day. What do they do for recreation, we wondered? We were thinking of what we'd do on the morrow, Sunday, but didn't feel equal to planning that far ahead. I was curious about the Bicentennial however and thought it best before we were caught in a whirl of dissipation, to look in at the headquarters in aptly enough, the Washington Bldg. The single attendant on duty—it was 9:30 P. M.—was glad to be disturbed. Actually being after office hours the Bi-Centennial wasn't functioning officially but he was ready for questions. How far was Mt. Vernon and what time in the morning could we go? "Oh, Mt. Vernon is closed on Sundays." That was disheartening, for it was Mt. Vernon I wanted to visit. Had the celebration ended? No it would extend to Nov. 24th. That seemed rather long to keep excitement at fever heat. And why hadn't the birthday been made the end instead of the beginning of a nine months' celebration? Which of the various banners and plaques were the official ones? The existence of even single copies of some of them seemed hardly justified.

We departed in low spirits with the gates of Mt. Vernon closed to us but we had a bit of quiet amusement on the street in trying to guess Republicans and Democrats. No way to prove right or wrong, but my system of picking the prosperous but worried-looking citizens as Republicans with the shabby but hopeful chaps as Democrats, was, I felt certain, not a bad one.

We had no idea what to do, where to go. A traffic cop, between waves, pointed out a Chinese Restaurant, the Lotus, with music and dancing. Or there's the Madrillon, 2nd floor of the Washington Bldg. No. We hailed a cab. "Take us to a night club." "A what?" "We'd like a sandwich and some music." He looked worried, even from the rear. He spoke with "Mac," another driver, but the inquiry was fruitless for we continued at a doubtful pace. A few more turns and we pulled up to a sumptuous entrance. The Mayflower Hotel. Plenty of cabs there and another "Mac" suggested something or other for off we went, this time headed definitely somewhere. Ed saw it first, a red electric sign, Club X—. We'd had a long ride, but there's a lack of anxiety about taxi-touring in Washington. Each cab has a friendly sign, prominently displayed—20c anywhere in city. "Give him a 100% tip." A colored footman opened doors for us, a colored attendant said "good-evening." A colored gentleman announced that inasmuch as this was a private club we'd have to become members to make any further entrance. The initiation fee, one dollar each. Any cover charge? No sah. Here I must record a transaction which was, I hope, unusual. Mr. No sah tried to give me $4 change for a ten instead of $9. "That's no way to welcome a new club member." My mistake, sah. Ed and I agreed to hold on to each other and in we went. Don't be sore at that poor devil, said Ed, think what Doheny and Fall shortchanged us, just a few blocks from here. Anyway I thought I'd better read my nice shiny membership card. The rules were on the back. No. 3 was encouraging—"Any member caught fighting or causing any unnecessary disturbance will be immediately expelled." Further consolation in No. 5:—"All members will be assessed a Club Fee on Special Occasions." I felt that this would be a Special Occasion, but Ed was settled in his seat and intently watching a tan Greta Garbo, one of the chorus. I had to agree I'd never seen a better profile, color aside. And Ed explained to me that her handsome dreamy orbs were "bed-room eyes." We had decided to sit it out, when a small yellow ticket was laid on the table:—

NOTICE TO GUESTS

In view of the fact that the Club X— is located in a residential neighborhood, guests are requested to be as quiet as possible in leaving the Club, especially early in the morning.

THE MANAGEMENT

"Boy, something's going off in this place any minute, I can feel it coming," said Ed, moving his chair nearer the door. And I am sorry to report that nothing did happen, at least before we left, "as quiet as possible." And we'd be glad to return in spite of the fact that the prices were slightly askew. A split of White Rock—$1.50, ditto ginger ale, $1.25, a superb ham sandwich, 50c. Total for 2, $3.75, including our being addressed by name each time the waiter spoke to us, which was plenty.

Sunday it rained. We made certain that Mt. Vernon really was closed; the bus didn't even go there Sundays. Well then, the Capitol. Another 20c cab and we whirled up to the steps as if we really had a mission of some sort. Inside the door we lost that idea; just two more tourists. The entire floor full of small groups each in tow of a guide. We were approached and invited to join but felt we'd better hang on to each other and see what we could see without benefit of pilot.

We turned left through a portal. Good heavens, Gatun Lake! It is called Statuary Hall; it is, after the spacious Rotunda, a small room. It is filled with a collection of likenesses in bronze and marble, of the Favorite Sons of the various states. One figure only is missing—that of the genius who conceived the idea. He should be there, upside down. That room is, I am quite convinced, the cause of the Depression in America. I recall my horror once in passing through the Panama Canal, of coming suddenly upon Gatun Lake. After the fun of the locks and the lovely leisurely passage through Culebra Cut one is not prepared for an endless vista of dead trees. It is most depressing and the sight will most effectively chill the merriest crowd of tourists on deck. Statuary Hall is just as chilling but there's no good reason for it. Except State vanity. Aside from the merit of the individual pieces, there they are, arrayed together, bronze Jackson next marble La Follette, (wearing, as you have explained, Bowling Green trousers). Nor is there more harmony in size. It's horrible. It's the Depression. What to do with them? That's easy. Spread them about the Capitol, the better examples in favored places, the others in dark corners. But separate them.

We fled from there, past two sons of Kansas guarding the exit. It would be Kansas.

Leutze's "Westward the Course of Empire Takes its Way" on the west wall of the staircase, made us feel much better. Lusty chap, Mr. Emanuel Leutze. Gave us our "Washington Crossing the Delaware" you know, and heaven only knows how many of those he did. I "found" one last month in the Kunsthalle at Bremen, same size apparently as our Metropolitan Museum picture.

Most sorry I didn't get to Mt. Vernon. But the celebration has months to go. I still hope to get there before the excitement has passed.

Back on the Congressional, this time in a day coach. Puzzled by the number of passengers who grimly settle themselves for a train ride with nothing to read but a newspaper. I have a theory. The reason Americans don't read more books is because books are not easy to buy. If books were burstingly displayed on stalls in railroad stations with the same prominence as newspapers, more people would buy. New people would buy. The D. D. Bookshops don't go far enough. Their stock is *inside* the shop. There's that dreadful portal to pass through. Maybe I'm wrong.

Arriving in N. Y., I note that not all the sleeping at the Pennsylvania Hotel is done in beds. On the subway stairs, issuing from the hotel to 32nd Street, I had to pick my way carefully to avoid *eight* unconscious figures. Tucked in—in newspapers, poor devils—for the night.

P. S. Still hanging in a room at the Mayflower, unless they've been discovered, is a pair of striped pajamas, my biped contribution to the Bicentennial. One leg for each century.

W. S. H.

I read of a famous radio executive who is a great smoker that "the mixture he smokes is of chocolate, maple sugar, fragrant hollandaise and some tobacco." This is exactly what is the trouble with many broadcasting programs.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Mixed Grill

Pictures of the Past

HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By PROFESSOR M. N. POKROVSKY. Translated by CLARKSON and GRIFFITHS. Vol I. New York: International Publishers. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by SIDNEY HOOK

IT is a commonplace that each age rewrites the history of the past. But the consequences of this commonplace are themselves far from commonplace. For it points to the fact that it is not merely the discovery of new data which leads to the reinterpretation of the past, but the emergence of new vantage points of selection. As interest shifts from century to century, new pictures of the past are drawn from the perspective of a current need. This does not mean that no interpretation can be better than others; it means that none can be final or exhaustive.

There have probably been fewer histories written of Russia than of any other great power. Nonetheless, all of them reflect the class bias of their authors and the periods in which they have lived. Students of Russian history may be acquainted with the old history of the reactionary landlord, Karamzin; or with the interpretation of the philosophical spokesman of the progressive nobility, Soloviev; or with the colorful pages of the "natural materialist," Kluychevsky. But the translation of Professor Pokrovsky's book puts into their hands the most comprehensive interpretation of Russian history which has yet appeared from the Marxist point of view. It must be hailed as probably the most scholarly work on the subject in any language. And unquestionably—the dullest. For unfortunately Professor Pokrovsky is so full of the minutiæ of his subject, especially where they have controversial bearing, and so meticulous in his documentary exegesis, that he has written a history for the professional historian. It is not likely, therefore, that anyone not already conversant with the pictorial schema of Russian history will appreciate the solid merits of the book.

Those merits are not few. Russian history, because of the absence of records which antedate the eighth century and the conflicting character of the documents of the later times, has long been a fertile field for myth and legend. By an ingenious use of deeds and other legal documents, Pokrovsky conclusively establishes the existence of feudalism in Russia, and thus administers a final *coup-de-grace* to the slavophile dogma that the history of Russia was uniquely different in all respects from the history of other nations. After a detailed consideration of foreign trade and town life up to the fifteenth century—a theme neglected by previous historians—he traces the formation of the Muscovite state to the natural processes of feudal society. He then presents an impressive account of Russian history, from the agrarian revolution of the first half of the sixteenth century down to the rise of commercial capitalism, in the light of the development of economic conditions, the course of foreign trade, and the struggle of social classes for political mastery. He definitively explodes the legend, written into most history books, that the growth of Russia is the result of the enlightened activity of its czars who, in every age, forced social reforms as well as national unity upon benighted nobles and the "dark peasant masses."

The most significant feature, however, is his philosophy of history. In the pages of his book, the fate of nations depends neither on the power of ideas nor on the accidents of personality, neither on the limiting conditions of geography nor on the nebulous traits of racial psychology. History for him is primarily a result of the development of the mode of economic production and the social changes which that development inexorably calls forth. The dynamics of the historical process is sought in the conflict of economic class interests, and the struggle of different classes for possession of the state power. The existence and importance of other social divisions—racial, national, religious—are not denied but they are regarded as factors which modify the more fundamental struggle which arises from the relations which different classes bear to each other in the processes of economic production. Individuals count but only when they are the conscious or unconscious representatives of social classes.

But Pokrovsky's philosophy of history is better than his historiography. According to the Marxian materialistic conception of history, under whose ægis Pokrovsky stands, the mode of economic production is the decisive, but not exclusive, factor in social change. Both Marx and Engels insist upon the fact that there is a continuous interaction going on between the economic conditions of social activity and the consciousness which results from those conditions. Ideals and theories, hopes and illusions, do not merely reflect their environment; they tend to change it or to preserve it. Ideas, although dependent upon what is not an idea, under certain circumstances are causally effective. Marx's own ideas are illustrations of this. Although they arose in the course of the class struggle, the subsequent history of class struggles, indeed the history of Europe, would have been profoundly different if Marx's ideas had not been a contributing cause in developing revolutionary class-consciousness and guiding the political strategy of working class parties.

And yet the first volume of Professor Pokrovsky's History (written in 1910) shows that he has conceived the task of a Marxist historian more adequately than he has executed it. He makes matters easy for himself by omitting in large part the actual story of what took place. This relieves him of the necessity of explaining the historical narrative in relation to the economic conditions he so exhaustively describes. But the economic conditions are only the stage and background upon which the historical drama unrolls. The consequence of the failure to relate the speeches, improvisations, and fantasies of the *dramatis personæ* to the conditions which prompt them, is momentous. The living pageant of Russian history in all its bizarre color is lost in the drab minutiæ of economic detail. It is one thing to describe the economic status of Russia in the sixteenth century; it is quite another to show in plausible fashion how the historical action reflects and reacts upon that status. It is one thing to explain, as Pokrovsky adequately does, that some of Peter's reforms, *e. g.*, the establishment of silk-factories, failed because industrial capitalism could not be forcibly introduced into a country whose economy centered around agriculture, hand-manufacture, and commercial trading. But certainly we cannot explain in the same way why Peter attempted his reforms. And that is something we are interested in knowing, because Peter's attempted reforms had important consequences. Pokrovsky's total neglect of the intellectual and literary history of Russia is in line with his simplification of historical materialism. True, ideology and literature are social effects. But they are effects which are social causes of other effects.

An equally serious defect in Professor Pokrovsky's method is his high-handed way of ruling out on dogmatic grounds *all* chance events from history. "To appeal to chance in science is to exhibit a certificate of poverty," he writes. Now it is perfectly true that if history were nothing but a succession of chance events, we would have—not history, but only a series of meaningless happenings. But it is just as true that if history were nothing but the working out of absolute laws, there would be no history but only mechanics. The question is whether the historian must regard some events, from the standpoint of his own professional interest, as chance occurrences. Was the fact that Lenin was alive at the time of the Russian Revolution, and that he was endowed with such and such qualities, a chance event or not? From the point of view of the biologist, no. From the point of view of the historian, yes. A chance event in history is not necessarily one which has no cause, but is an event which is irrelevant, *i. e.*, it could not be deduced from historical considerations alone.

A striking illustration may be cited from the very period which Pokrovsky considers in his first volume. During the fifteenth century the English and Dutch won a considerable part of the Asia-Russian trade away from the Hanseatic League. This led to a broadening of Russia's foreign trade and other interesting consequences of a political nature. But why did the Hanseatic League lose its favored position to the Dutch and English? Recent historical research has suggested that the chief reason was that the herring, whose sale furnished the money for the Asia-Russian trade, suddenly deserted the Baltic for the North Sea. Now whatever the causes were which made the herring leave their familiar haunts, they were not historical causes. Nonetheless, the herring migration had historical effects.

These theoretical considerations do not militate, however, against Professor Pokrosky's wide scholarship. If his work can be improved, and let us hope he is able to undertake that improvement himself, it is not by abandoning his historical method and philosophy but by applying it with greater subtlety and caution.

A Literary By-Path

ALEXANDRIAN POETRY UNDER THE FIRST THREE PTOLEMIES. By AUGUSTE COUAT. Translated by JAMES LOEB. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1931. $6.50.

THE POEMS OF LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM. Text and translations by EDWIN BEVAN. New York: Oxford University Press. 1931.

Reviewed by ALFRED R. BELLINGER
Yale University

THE age which followed Alexander the Great gave birth to learning in the modern sense. The leisure and the great wealth which were to be found in the centers of civilization allowed men to turn to the critical examination of the literature which their fathers had produced, and then, for the first time, readers as well as writers began to judge contemporary productions on the basis of definite standards of literary propriety. That careful weighing of artistic values which must follow periods of great production encouraged, in Egyptian Alexandria, an output of poetry which aimed definitely at the lesser virtues: art, grace, pathos, the display of learning, that freedom from flaws which is so necessary to the minor poet, so inessential to the major poet. A little of this output—the best of Theocritus, the best of Apollonius, the cream of the epigrams—has taken its place in the world's great literature. Most of the rest is lost, and what remains is rather for the student of literary history than for the general reader. Yet it was this literature which had more to do than any other in forming the beginning of Roman poetry, and there is no denying that its influence has been enormous. It is good, therefore, that English readers should have some book to which they can refer for information about a period important rather in its effects than in itself.

Mr. Loeb, who has done so much to keep alive contemporary interest in the classics, has translated from the French a book which serves that purpose excellently. At first sight it may appear strange that a work written in the '80's should be revived, when so much new material has accumulated since then, but, in fact, M. Couat's book is not only a good one, it is the only one which would serve. There is an abundance of special studies, but no other single work which covers the ground. A supplementary chapter has been contributed by Emile Cahen to summarize the additions which the papyri have made to our knowledge since Couat wrote, thus bringing the book up to date in a general way. But a large part of it, concerned with the analysis of existing poems, needs no revision. Callimachus here assumes an importance to which his power and influence entitle him but to which his genius does not, and the omission of the Alexandra of Lycophron (one of the very worst poems in the world) saves the reader from realizing the awful limits to which learned obscurity could go. But altogether the book is a true and good picture of the literary period, which the student may examine and the casual reader skim, both with profit.

Undoubtedly the best translations from this age are Calverly's charming verse translations of Theocritus, but any who care to see what the lesser lights were like will find in Mr. Bevan's beautifully printed volume on Leonidas of Tarentum a pleasant rendering of a poet who may fairly stand as an example of the virtues and limitations of the epigram which is the most characteristic production of Alexandria.

Count Michael Tolstoy, a son of the famous Russian author, was attacked, according to *John o' London's Weekly*, by two bandits in Paris the other day, but drove them away with his walking stick. He is fifty-two years of age.

By Henry Neumann

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE GREATEST CATHOLIC POET

THE new *Poems of Francis Thompson,* edited with Biographical and Textual Notes by Rev. Terence L. Connolly, S. J., Ph.D., and bearing the imprimatur of Cardinal O'Connell, is the most interesting edition of this poet that has yet appeared. This is due to the fact that 295 pages of the collected poetry of this truly great poet are supplemented by about 255 pages of notes analyzing the poems exhaustively. These are again supplemented by bibliographies and indices, bibliographies I and II listing certain uncollected verses, first a group which was privately printed in London by Clement Shorter, in 1917, and secondly uncollected verse in various periodicals. In a volume so complete otherwise it seems to me rather a pity that these verses, fugitive though they were, could not have been gathered together in an appendix, since with a poet of the calibre of Francis Thompson even his Juvenilia assumes a certain importance.

I opened the volume to an analysis, with verse paraphrases, of the poem which has always seemed to me the most magical that Thompson ever wrote, namely "The Mistress of Vision." It is interpreted according to Catholic doctrine, which is most certainly the only doctrine that could illuminate its mystery. This doctrine is an immediate key to the cipher, even in the matter of Cathay and the unenlightened Buddhists—unenlightened in the view of the Roman Catholic Church. There is no doubt that Thompson's mind was so deeply impregnated with Catholic doctrine that this is the true interpretation of his "Mistress of Vision," although his development of the symbolism has a magical quality in this poem which actually, and marvelously, bears comparison with the magic of Coleridge's "Kubla Khan." To me it is the only poem in the English language that can bear such a comparison, save possibly Keats's "La Belle Dame Sans Merci."

HIS MATERIAL

It has been pointed out elsewhere, by a far better commentator than I, that Thompson was fortunate in utterly believing in all the ramifications of Christian doctrine as expounded by the most astute and subtle Catholic minds, and that in the ritual of the Catholic Church, with its tremendous accretions of symbolism, he found infinite riches of imagery. His definite faith supplied his poetry always with a strong underlying framework and the oscillating needle of his sensitive reasoning always returned to what for him was true North. Added to this was his mystical recognition of the validity of the poetic imagination which did not disdain the imaginatively scientific. In his poem "Contemplation," for a slight instance, he refers to Scientific Atomism in these remarkable lines:

No stone its inter-particled vibration
Investeth with a stiller lie

going on to point out how "In skies that no man sees to move, Lurk untumultuous vortices of power," and that

From stones and poets you may know,
Nothing so active is, as that which least
seems so.

And it has been noted ere this that his intense Catholicism did not prevent his poetic intelligence from asseverating, in the epilogue to "A Judgment in Heaven":

There is no expeditious road
To pack and label men for God,
And save them by the barrel-load.
Some may perchance, with strange sur-
prise,
Have blundered into Paradise.
In vasty dusk of life abroad,
They fondly thought to err from God,
Nor knew the circle that they trod;
And, wandering all the night about,
Found them at morn where they set out.
Death dawned; Heaven lay in prospect
wide:—
Lo! they were standing by His side!

Despite the great debt Thompson owes to the many beauties and splendors found in the elucidation of the Catholic point of view through its masters of phrase, the fact remains that he is a great poet because he draws not only on these sources but on the great poetic writing of all time. He possessed a precise feeling for words, a brilliant lavishness of language for which we seek in vain today. In "Any Saint" he suddenly compares Man to a "secret metaphor" that God's "great utterance bore," and goes on to exclaim:

Cosmic metonymy;
Weak world-unshuttering key;
One
Seal of Solomon!

Trope that itself not scans
Its huge significance,
Which tries
Cherubic eyes!

Primer where the angels all
God's grammar spell in small,
Nor spell
The highest too well!

Point for the great descants
Of starry disputants;
Equation
Of creation!

and takes our breath with that succession of flashing similes decorating profound thought. I doubt whether for a century there will appear another poet who can use figurative language so brilliantly and yet so exactly as this master of compression in English. Naturally the exigencies of rhyme, for he wrote always in rhyme, frequently caused him to resort to poetic license in syntax. "Trope that itself not scans," when what is meant is "Trope that cannot, itself, scan," is certainly not grammatical. Yet so swift is Thompson's attack that even his occasional crudities of this kind can be forgiven. Doctrinaire in religion he was yet one of the most daring wielders of words in imagery that English poetry has ever seen. And his imagery was never vague or indefinite. It summed up vividly a particular picture. He could even borrow Kipling's "the dawn comes up like thunder" from "Mandalay," probably unconsciously, and transmute it into line of organ-music, "the great earthquaking sunrise rolling up beyond Cathay."

HIS ATTITUDE TOWARD HUMAN LOVE

Thompson commanded the great accent, though he is a dangerous model in his extraordinary rhetoric. He seems to have absorbed into himself both Miltonic and Shakespearian diction, producing at times and in his lesser moments a hybrid which only the energy of movement of his verse could fully justify. His debts to Crashaw, to Patmore, and even to lesser poets, is clearly distinguishable. His attitude toward human love is by no means satisfactory, absorbed as he was in the idea of the soul's utter abandonment to God. For Thompson, as is the case with all true genius, had in himself the seeds, if not at times the fine flower, of absolute fanaticism. One of the most interesting things he ever wrote, though it has been often passed over in the face of his more splendid lyrical achievements, is the sequence called "A Narrow Vessel," which he speaks of in his subtitle as being upon "the aspect of primitive girl-nature towards a love beyond its capacities." The sequence is by no means trivial. In fact it contains an exposition of young love extremely keen in its sensitiveness to its usually elusive charm. Such a statement as the last lines in "The Way of a Maid," although almost light verse, is so shrewdly true as to compel attention:

And, while she feels the heavens lie bare,
She only talks about her hair.

Certainly in this sequence he achieves as deftly as did Patmore in his more matter-of-fact poems, even as Meredith upon another scale. Yet how strange it is to find him explaining in his own words that are given in the Reverend Terence Connolly's note on the poem:

> Woman repels the great and pure love of man in proportion to its purity. This is due to an instinct which she lacks the habits and power to analyze, that the love of the pure and lofty lover is so deep, so vast in its withheld emotion, as her entire self would be unable to pay back. Though she cast her whole self down that eager gulf, it would disappear as a water-drop in the ocean. And though the lover ask no more than her tremulous self may think fit to give, she feels that so vast a love claims of right and equity her total surrender, etc., etc.

One would rather even a great poet had not written anything quite so foolish of ordinary men and women. His analogy, of course is with the love of the human soul for God. But it is not far to seek in Thompson to find that both from his Catholic training and his own ingrained asceticism he looked upon the physical side of love as essentially sinful and unworthy. Occasionally, as in the pathetic "Nocturn," he becomes sufficiently mundane to yearn for human love:

The wind hath the rose,
And the rose her kiss.
Ah, mouth of me!
Is it then that this
Seemeth much to thee?—
I wander only.
The rose hath her kiss.

HIS PRESENT EDITOR'S SUCCESS

I have touched upon what I conceive to be a point or two concerning Francis Thompson which have not been sufficiently emphasized. In general, I may say, that the Reverend Terence Connolly's work in the notes to this new volume are excellent, marred only occasionally by a misinterpretation, as when he takes "Pacing the burning shares of many dooms," to mean pacing parcels of earth rather than hot plough-shares, the obvious image of trial by fire. There are, however, but few of these misapplications. In general the exposition is most intelligent, and one learns that to reach a complete understanding of Francis Thompson it is necessary to know the origins in Catholic doctrine and liturgy of many of his inspirations. This holds true, however, only in his more specialized poems such as "Assumpta Maria." "The Hound of Heaven" and several of the magnificent Odes are in the main lucent to the layman. And when one has gone carefully through the whole body of the work in this volume one has no hesitation in hailing once more a major poet with a style inimitably his own.

The book is published by the eCntury Company.

Glen Hazard Poems

The following poems were taken down by Maristan Chapman at odd times among the Glen Hazard people who figure in her book, "The Weather Tree," recently issued by the Viking Press. Many of the speakers can neither read nor write, and are unknowing of what poetry is.

It would be impossible to present them for what they are. No one would believe them to be the direct utterances of the people. And it is equally impossible to offer them as "by Maristan Chapman," because they are not. Maristan Chapman collects these fragments, and that is all.

LULLABY

COMES the glôm of silver light
And April has borrowed a day from June,
Now shut your eyes and bid the night
And Mother'll hum you a homespun tune:
(Hums:) Tune-une-une-une
Sssh, my childling,
Sssh, my tinsey,
Sssh, my lamb of love!
Now shut your eyes and bid the night—
April has borrowed a day from June.

((This is a commonplace lullaby. I have not been able to trace its authorship.)

DAFFODILS here a'ready!
And birds astir in the eaves—
And April's rain is chased away
With checkered sunshine laughing
On the wet vine leaves.

THESE rare and goodly things,
Earth's simplest and best—
A bird fills the morning with singing—
And there's a many-voiced whisper of leaves.

THERE'S a flicker of yellow and red—and the trees
all budding new. And the air is thin and sharp
like wine, and the birds sing. And little shiney
things, with petal-wings fly briskly in the sun.

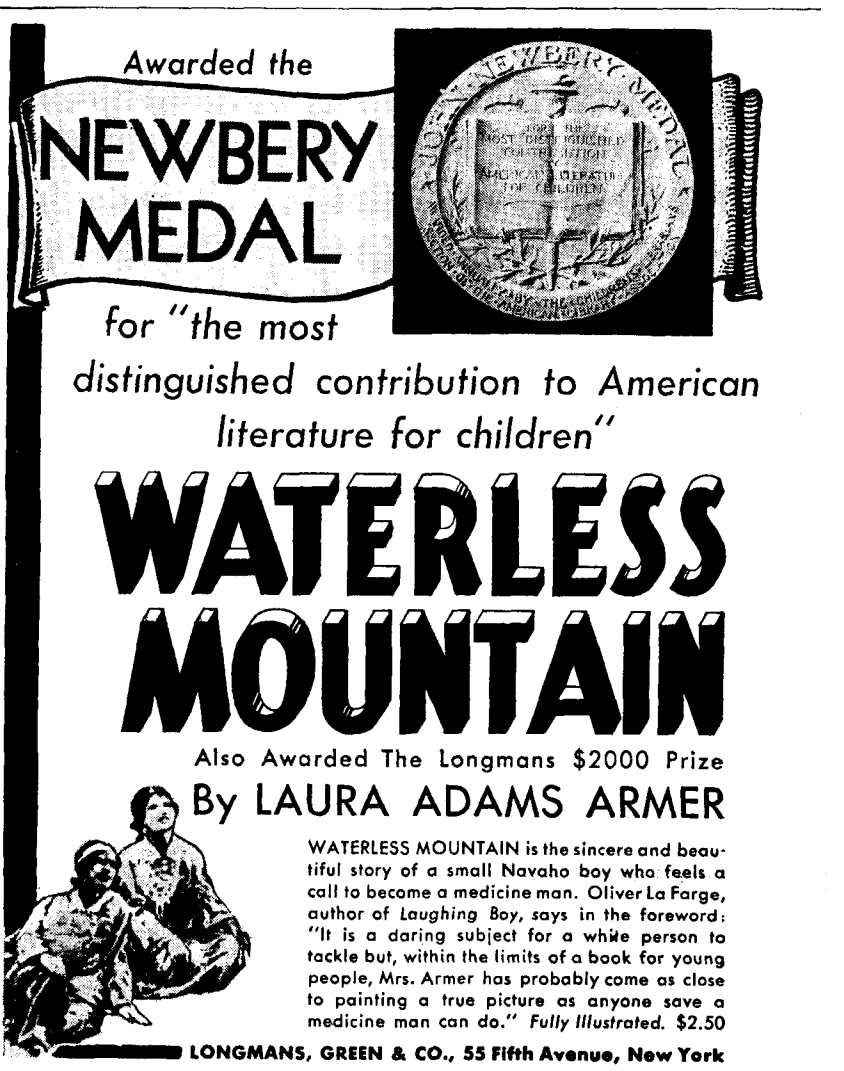
An Oslo correspondent of the London *Observer* writes to that journal as follows:

"Henrik Ibsen left very few notes to throw any light upon the history of his dramas and his way of working.

"Two highly interesting notebooks bearing upon 'Hedda Gabler,' however, were recently found when the documents left by Henrik Ibsen's only son, the late minister Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, were gone through by his widow. From the yellow pages of those books it appears that most of the ideas for the drama came to him during lonely walks, and were written down, often in only a few words. One gets the impression that he wrote down everything that occurred to him, and that many of the notes were never used when the drama was finally worked out.

"Professor H. Koht, of Oslo University, who is one of the greatest experts on Ibsen, and who has been trusted with editing the centennial edition of Ibsen's works, is now preparing commentaries upon the notes for inclusion in the centennial edition. He says that apparently the first pages of the notebooks have nothing whatever to do with 'Hedda Gabler.'

"It looks as if Ibsen simply occupied himself with the fact that so many women believed they had been the model for the heroine in his previous drama, 'The Lady from the Sea.' It is not long, however, before the notes bear directly upon 'Hedda Gabler.'"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MEN AND THEIR ANNALS

Hervey's Memoirs

SOME MATERIALS TOWARDS MEMOIRS OF THE REIGN OF KING GEORGE II. By John, Lord Hervey. Edited by Romney Sedgwick. New York: Viking Press. 1931. 3 vols. $30.

Reviewed by Wilbur Cortez Abbott

IF one cares to own one of the most beautiful specimens of the art of bookmaking in our time; if one wishes to read one of the most famous of eighteenth century court memoirs, let him hasten to secure a copy of this very limited edition of Lord Hervey's Memoirs, here, for the first time, in the words of the editor, "textually reproduced, without regard to considerations of either decency or of dulness." With Horace Walpole, Hervey shares the distinction of interpreting to us the eighteenth century in much the same fashion as Evelyn shares with Pepys the picturing of the Restoration period; and the editor's description of the present edition reveals, in some measure, its character, as its title reveals its scope.

Hervey's Memoirs have been long known. In some abbreviated and emasculated fashion they were published by Lord Macaulay's peculiar detestation, John Wilson Croker, in 1848. But, thanks to the careful supervision of the owner of the manuscript, the first Marquess of Bristol, who altered or destroyed "substantial portions," and removed "every expression positively offensive to a delicate mind," a considerable part of the original was, naturally, omitted. The present editor has been hampered by no such restrictions. From the royal archives at Windsor he has drawn a copy of the original manuscript, complete save for the years 1730 to 1732. That section the vigilance of the noble lord has apparently been successful in removing from any possible evil effect upon the reputation of the author or the minds of later generations—whose delicacy he so greatly overrated.

What remains, however, is enough to put before us in its full-bodied eighteenth century flavor the character of both the author and the circle in which he moved. Neither was of any great compelling charm. "A clever and unprincipled man of loose morals and sceptical opinions," as Mr. Barker long since described him, "Pope's Lord Fanny and Queen Caroline's gigolo," as Mr. Sedgwick characterizes him, Lord Hervey lived at the very centre of the court of George II. He wrote a certain amount of mediocre poetry and an astonishing number of tracts, chiefly political and chiefly directed against the enemies of Sir Robert Walpole and the Hanoverian dynasty. He had a long and violent and often scurrilous controversy with Pope; he attacked Bolingbroke. He was a member of Parliament, chamberlain of the royal household, member of the privy council, and lord privy seal. But, far more than these, he was Queen Caroline's especial favorite, and it was apparently through him that Walpole governed the Queen and, through the Queen, the King.

The consequence is that Hervey's Memoirs provide us with the most accurate, prejudiced, entertaining, scurrilous, gossipy, and sometimes disgusting account of the court and the court politics of George the Second which we possess, and often of the more public politics and policies and politicians of that day. And there is one thing more: Lord Hervey, though one of the most beautiful men of his generation, enjoyed bad health. He was predisposed to epilepsy, which he overcame and guarded against by an exacting course of diet. And, if one is not content with physiological details of court life; with the accounts of court intrigues and cabinet meetings, of politics in all its infinite manifestations, which he gives; if he desires further enlightenment, he may turn to 'An Account of my own Constitution and Illness, with some Rules for the Preservation of Health; for the Use of my Children," which concludes the book. There he may find enough symptoms to satisfy a whole generation of those who amuse themselves—if not others—with a minute account of medical details. There he will find sufficiency of physiological phenomena; cures and remedies and diets; "Dr. Anderson's Scotch Pills," "preferable to rhubarb itself"; and, finally, a cure for fits by dieting, by which, in spite of all the doctors, he saved his life. Lord Hervey was not an attractive character; he wrote of unattractive things; but he will, none the less, or even in consequence, always have that curious attraction—for those who like such things in politics and life—which a certain unwholesomeness seems to breed. And there is little danger that he will be too strong for most modern stomachs, though he turned those of the early Victorians, and even the tougher digestions of many of his own contemporaries.

Much-Disputed Region

MANCHURIA, CRADLE OF CONFLICT. By Owen Lattimore. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1932. $3.

MANCHURIA, THE COCKPIT OF ASIA. By Col. P. T. Etherton and H. Hessel Tiltman. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by Henry Kittredge Norton

HERE are two books concerning the land which has recently been the scene of conflict between Japan and China. Both are timely, but one is too good and the other too bad for the occasion.

The volume by Colonel Etherton and Mr. Tiltman is quite obviously thrown together to catch the market for a book on Manchuria while that much-disputed corner of the world is still prominent in the news. There is abundant evidence of undue haste. Glaring errors of fact and date appear with what appears to be inexcusable frequency. A few examples may be cited in support of this statement.

Chita is "on the borders of Manchuria" (pages 9 and 17). The Sino-Japanese War was four years after the Boxer rebellion (page 14). The Red Army in Siberia was partly composed of Russian prisoners of war who were "afterwards utilized as the nucleus of the anti-Bolshevik forces" (page 25). The Far Eastern Republic was "a branch of the Moscow Soviet" and was accorded formal recognition by Japan (page 28). The years 1925 to 1927 in China are reviewed without mention of the Nationalist Movement (page 31). In 1927 we "come to the era of Chang Tso Lin" (page 31). The combined forces of Chiang Kai Shek, Yen, and Feng were known as the Kuomintang (sic) (page 33). Upon the death of Chang Tso Lin, Chang Hsueh Liang was "elected to reign in his stead" (page 34). The "Tanaka Memorial" is summarized in some detail, and the authors state that "the authenticity of the document has not been denied" (page 83 and 105). Russia "surrendered the unequal treaties" (page 203). "The United States Government took decisive action with regard to the open door policy in 1928 (sic), when Secretary Knox proposed that a sum of one hundred million dollars should be provided by British and American bankers to enable China to control the South Manchurian Railway and administer it under international direction" (page 224). The United States has departed from the Monroe Doctrine (page 226). The Manchurian tension was "aggravated by another case—the Wanshaopan (*sic*)—in Korea (*sic*) (*page* 237).

Enough has been cited to demonstrate the utter unreliability of the text. And this is regrettable, for otherwise the book might make amusing reading. For example, this gem: "The new nation, confident in its strength, fearless in its march, had gripped the Bear in a vice and thrown him headlong through the ropes, gaining a verdict that was almost beyond belief." It is doubtful whether this can be equalled outside the Congressional Record.

Mr. Lattimore's book is as profound as the other volume is not. He has wandered all about the Manchurian region and has come to know its peoples as something other than names in geographies. For him, Manchuria is not just another region of pioneer settlement. Manchuria has played a significant historic role in relation to China, to Japan, and to Russia. It has been a "reservoir" from which one race after another has exerted pressure upon China. Even today the pressure is not from China outward on Manchuria, but from Manchuria inward upon China.

China has a highly developed individual civilization. It is different in kind not only from the nations of the West, but from Japan as well. In Mr. Lattimore's opinion Japan is much nearer to the Occident in spirit than it is to China. It is this individual Chinese civilization which is in conflict with the modernism of the West and Japan. It is not a question of adaptation of Western forces by the Chinese. It is a struggle *à outrance* between two civilizations. They do not blend: they destroy each other, at least until one or the other succeeds in achieving complete domination. "While Japan manœuvered for time to adopt Western characteristics and catch up with the West, the whole history of Chinese relations with the West implies an underlying instinctive playing for time, in the hope that the West would exhaust itself and China be able to assert once more the superiority of which the Chinese are morally convinced."

The main struggle is of course going on in China itself, but a highly important issue is being decided in Manchuria where the occidental and the Chinese theories are striving for realization in a virgin territory. Mr. Lattimore examines the whole three-cornered conflict between China, Japan, and Russia in the light of this thesis. He has produced an argument which, if not entirely convincing, is at least highly provocative and illuminating.

Psychopath in Our Midst

PSYCHOPATHIC PERSONALITIES. By Eugen Kahn. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1931.

Reviewed by Joseph Jastrow

A STUDY addressed to the professionally interested, and not easy reading for them, appeals to the layman only because the diagnoses considered reappear in the character studies of himself and his friends. The psychopath in our midst is real, even common, though we may not go so far as the critique of the Quaker to his friend: "Everybody's a bit queer except thee and me; and sometimes I think thee's a bit queer, too." I have suggested elsewhere that even more significant than the I. Q. (the intelligence quotient) would be the Q. I. (the queerness index), if only we knew how to determine it.

The "psychopath" is a useful concept for every-day use; it makes the front page in sensational trials when psychiatrists speak impressively, and are received suspiciously. The present volume is not concerned with the insistent question of the technical insanity or general responsibility of psychopaths. They play a larger part in the dramatics than in the statistics of mental disorder and of crime. Psychopaths are often a burden to family or community and more characteristically to themselves, despite the truth that many of them are as confident of the rightness of their assertions and assertiveness as of the what and the much that's wrong with the world. Recognized by what they do and say, the clue to the psychopathic personalities is to be traced within the psychic constitution.

A prominent moment or expression in the psychopathic make-up is concerned with sex. As a factor it works both ways: directly contributing to the deviation, and indicating that the abnormal are likely to manage the sex side of life abnormally. The broader and more profitable psychology of the psychopath takes its double root in temperament and character. To pursue it there would be to attempt to share the psychiatrist's jousts with rival theories and concepts, at times splitting both hairs and skulls. Their distinctive *points de repère*, couched in more formidable terms, turn about the two great orders of deviates: those whose emotions run away with them, ever pulsating in intensive rhythms; and the cold-toned, gloomy, depressed, timorous, yet ever with a flaw in the composition more deep-set, more vitiating than the queerness of our more nearly normal neighbors. Psychopaths dwell in the borderland.

In coming to terms with his ego, the psychopath finds his doing and undoing; and it is doubtful whether the clinics and mental shelters register the majority of those whom colloquially we dub cranks when they are too deviating or we too conventional. The élite of that group come to grief on the rock of reason, as their more proletariat comrades on the cliffs of the emotions. Thinking has driven mad as commonly as it has saved. Like their fellows in psychopathology, the vagrants —in whom a dominant trend, useful in the human composition, sweeps all considerations aside in the imperious sway of one powerful drive—the "autists" (which is not a motor-car but a psychiatric word, meaning those given to autistic thinking, spun from within in disregard of proof) are driven to argue and evolve and cerebrate though the heavens fall,—a doom which the more consistent confidently expect but for their messianic intervention. Yet these élite are few; and those with temperament awry and character askew are to be found wherever men do congregate, though some seek solitude mitigated by loquacity rather innocently, by *cacoethes scribendi* more disastrously.

This commentary on Dr. Kahn's subject matter affords slight cue to the content of his painfully scholarly contribution. For he suffers from a Teutonic tradition which finds some of its worst expressions in the treatment of mind and its liabilities. Terms are coined on the slightest provocation, and, once in print, exercise a spell that blocks profitable inquiry. Believe it or not, one who likes to dress in clothes of an earlier period of his or her life is suffering from cisveslilism. Everywhere the Teutonic woods are full of distinctions, controversies, "musts" and "right to's," platitudes, and captious arguments, and a verbal baggage under which thought struggles, argument suffocates, impediments accumulate, and the reader is goaded to pugilistic revenge upon the mistrained author whose views he would acquire, and could acquire if five hundred pages were stripped to one hundred, and clarity preferred to cumbersome erudition.

It is not because this egregious fault of so much Teutonic literature is greater in Dr. Kahn's contribution, but because it is there relieved by a logical intention, that these strictures are offered. The book is translated and was made in Germany; it may be that residence in the more pragmatic and more impatient atmosphere of America—in this instance, New Haven—may produce a change of exposition, by which his Teutonic colleagues would be as much shocked as benefited.

It would be an omission equivalent to a crime to speak of psychopathology without mention of Freud and the psychoanalytic vogue which has quickened interest in the vagaries of mind. Dr. Kahn is an instance of the none too common critical Freudian, prepared to throw overboard with no regret the more extreme and unsupported views of Freud and his followers, including the dominance of sex and the bugbear of incest. So many who touch the Freudian plant seem to break forth in a rash of psychic poison ivy, that one who can pluck the psychoanalytic fruit with immunity is to be welcomed on American soil. Freud, and Jung, and Adler no less, have indeed added to the insight which makes the clinically psychopathic more intelligible and the common garden variety more tolerable. It will be well if the taint of the word is reduced, and its significance in character analysis recognized; for the psychopath will ever be a dweller in our midst.

"A description of Edward Fitzgerald as 'the most-quoted poet in the English tongue,' says the London *Observer*, "will not be universally endorsed. There can be little doubt that the three commonest mines of quotation are 'Hamlet,' 'Lycidas,' and Gray's 'Elegy.' Whether, in proportion to their total product, Shakespeare or Gray comes out first it would require a knowledge of the higher mathematics of literature to settle."

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Belles Letters

DID HOMER LIVE? By Victor Bérard. Dutton. 1931.

A general summary of the author's favorite theory that the source of the Odyssey was a Phœnician sea tale. On the basis of linguistic arguments the Phœnicians are credited with most of the achievements of Homeric and pre-Homeric times. The archæological evidence is almost entirely ignored, and, in spite of some interesting details, the book cannot be considered as of much importance for Homer or his works.

Fiction

LOVERS MUST LEARN. By Irving Fineman. Longmans, Green. 1932. $2.

In his second published novel Mr. Fineman has written a pleasantly romantic fable that should please a large audience. The plot is concerned with the relationship of his protagonist, Don Peters, to two young women, Lyda and Susan. These two women represent superficially opposing natures—the first unable, through the trauma of an early and unhappy relationship, to give more than a sympathetic and occasionally exciting companionship; the second driven, when she has become convinced of her love, to give all that any woman can give to a man, to merge her physical, emotional, and intellectual interests with those of the man she loves.

It is always presumptuous on the part of a critic to suggest how an author should have done his work, but it will become increasingly apparent to the ordinarily intelligent reader that, in a larger sense, these two women represent trends that are universally present in all women. Thus the author has been impelled to stylize his characters, who only occasionally achieve life and, in the end, represent little more than familiar symbols. They are presented against a background of Parisian expatriate life, and are almost completely stifled by a welter of commonplace observation and physical detail.

THE SHADOW OF A CLOUD. By Granville Toogood. Brewer, Warren & Putnam. 1932. $2.50.

Mr. Toogood's second book is on the whole a disappointment. It will be remembered that his first, "Huntsman in the Sky," was good in the details, especially in the conversations and in the reporting of settings, but wanted cohesion. "The Shadow of a Cloud" has likewise good conversations, though not so many of them, and good backgrounds, though they are not so significant as in the earlier book where the author was describing a life he knew intimately; and it likewise lacks cohesion and unity. The title and opening incident form an instance of this, for the book begins with the suicide of the heroine's sister, an event which has no influence on the subsequent story. It is probable that this was meant to warn us that the heroine's story is ill-omened, but this is by no means made clear, and during the earlier chapters, in which the tone is very frivolous, the initial suicide is simply perplexing.

The entire book shows this indecision. Its plot is highly melodramatic, and yet there is not enough excitement to sustain the interest; indeed, it is not until the middle of the book that one is sure that it is to be a novel of plot. But the first part, which is not yet melodramatic, is not good realistic narrative either. It is marred by the over-strained sort of writing one often finds in romances whose authors suspect that they are not being romantic enough; witness the heroine's reflections about an unpleasant young man, an acquaintance of her escort's, seen in a speakeasy: "'It is old as sin, that face, for all it should still be young. If the spirit of evil were to walk the earth, I think it would look like that.'" And the young man so impressively brought to our attention never appears again! There is still good writing in this book, and a few very effective incidents, but one cannot avoid the conclusion that it has more of the author's faults and fewer of his virtues than his first novel.

THE KINGDOM IN THE SKY. By Alice Brown. Macmillan. 1932. $2.50.

An interest in mysticism and things of the spirit leads often to the imaginative picturing of the after-life, and yet for an author this is a subject so fraught with pitfalls that few can handle it without disaster. In the first place, no two human beings think of such an after-life from the same angle or in the same terms, so that almost inevitably dissatisfaction will result for one reader or another. A parallel sense of incongruity also is almost certainly produced, though probably from different causes, in the minds of different readers. A second difficulty is the problem of interest, especially where a book is cast, as in this case, in the form of a novel. It is extremely difficult to create and sustain interest and suspense in a purely imaginary field, and the story here unfolded has not sufficient strength to stand either alone or upon a basis of mystic inquiry.

Since also speculation, symbolism, aspiration, and historical elements are all intermingled, it will be seen that the author has set herself an extremely intricate problem, which in its effect on the reader is complicated rather than simplified by the fact that human emotions in familiar form are carried over from an earthly existence to function in superhuman surroundings. "Oh, this strange, strange country! Familiar and yet so different! Our rich, welcoming home—yet not the earth!" . . . Interesting in itself is a study of Julius Cæsar, but this is emphasized to such on extent that one feels a divided interest in the plan of the book and is not certain of the motive which the author herself would hold paramount. In short, one admires a courageous project—but can it be carried out?

LIFE IS SUCH A RUSH. By Christine Jope- Slade. Bobbs-Merrill. 1931. $2.50.

Christine Jope-Slade has a way with her. She writes with such bright ease and light humor that the reader is taken in to the extent of following a set of too conventional characters through too conventional situations without entirely realizing this until the book is closed. Then the spell breaks, and the wish is that anyone who writes so well would find something a little fresher to write about. In "Life is Such a Rush" the protagonists are an English married couple. The husband is a socially-minded type while the wife, more of an individual, finds that marriage curtails rather than develops her personality. Various evidences and proofs of the incompatibility of the couple make up a story wherein both people and plot are too subservient to the author. In the end the wife finds a sort of magic formula which she feels will make her safe against her troublous world, and the novel closes before this has been put to any very severe test.

AN ANGEL IN THE ROOM. By Gerard Hopkins. Putnams. 1931. $2.

One cannot read this very finished English novel without being reminded of Henry James. Mr. Hopkins has written in the manner, though certainly not in direct imitation, of that stylistic onlooker at life. He has cut down the length of the book and diminished that of the sentences, but nevertheless there is a Jamesian flavor that will be equally apparent to admirers of and dissenters from the James technique.

The extent of the narrative is just the duration of a London dinner. There are five characters bound together apparently by the lightest and most casual of social meetings. But under this surface fortuity they are held by stronger, stranger bonds. One, the Jamesian onlooker, is a returned traveler. He is in love with the hostess, who has married during his absence. He sees everything from his own point of view and scarcely senses the crisis through which the woman he loves is passing as the dinner progresses. The only other woman, a not very well known guest, is a threat to the house in her relation to the husband, but this means almost nothing to her, absorbed in her own problem of her connection with he other male guest. Each one of these people is shut up in his own personal compartment and sees the others only in relation to his own hopes and schemes. The strands of the story are tied tightly during the dinner and then gradually they loosen, the guests leave, almost nothing has happened, and yet the currents of all the lives have shifted between the cocktails and the coffee.

Mr. Hopkins is very dexterous in focussing his spotlight. Each person is thrown into bright relief at just the moment of his deepest significance. Each is moved back into the shadows as his influence upon the others diminishes. The ultimate effect upon the reader is that of knowing this chance group both inside and out, knowing them as they think themselves to be and as their friends imagine them.

CHARLOTTE'S ROW. By H. E. Bates. Cape & Ballou. 1931. $2.

Mr. Bates has a most unusual flair for sensing and creating personality. We have had enough work from his pen by now to know that it is not merely one particular type that he can do, nor even one particular type of types. As he adds figure after figure to his gallery it becomes increasingly apparent that the man, woman, or child he selects for presentation will be set down complete, from the clear physical outlines to the shadowy peripheral margins of personality. Because Mr. Bates writes such fluent and beautiful English and creates so perfectly the scenes through which his stories slowly move, these attributes have been rather overemphasized by critics at the expense of his characterization. The style and the setting are not to be denied, but they come after and grow out of the people they serve. His men and women, or, one should say, women and men, since that seems their relative importance in Mr. Bates's work, come bringing their dark or glowing backgrounds with them, but they come first.

In "Charlotte's Row" it is a little boy through whom the brutality, occasionally beauty glinted, of an English slum is seen. This is an ugly place where ugly things occur, a frightful place for any child to be, and yet so consistently is the boy's limited, sensitive point of view maintained that it is never the story but only what the story is about that touches sordidness. Circumscribed but perfectly proportioned, the book is like a tiny tragic miniature.

LUCY ANDERSON. By Helen R. Martin. Dodd, Mead. 1932. $2.

The theme of this book is full of human possibilities and potential developments. We have the egotistic husband who thinks himself the only important member of the family since he is an author and will probably some day be distinguished; and the young wife who is so steadily taught that she is inferior, a housekeeper only, a child in the ways of life, that for some time she comes almost to believe it and entirely to submit to the humiliating treatment of the man she is still in love with. All this would be provocative if done less broadly. But almost at once the reader loses faith from mere excess of characterization, especially as the subsidiary participants in the plot fall into the same over-stressed exaggerations—a patronizing sister-in-law, and a long lost brother-in-law who soon becomes the rescuing hero of the story. It is the latter who opens the eyes of Lucy, the doormat wife, or rather who instils into her the courage to act upon her convictions; for of late she has merely kept herself outwardly controlled and blind to the situation, her intelligence being obviously above the possibility of complete unawareness. When her husband also spoils and alienates her child and finally refuses to acknowledge her saving collaboration in his undependable novel-writing, the dam breaks and Lucy at last asserts herself. She, after all, is discovered to be the successful writer of the family as well as its general backbone. The egotist, at last deflated, is shown up to himself and left to his own resources. But he has, alas, long since become too utterly a cad for us to have any feeling for what should have been a human tragedy.

A book upon such a theme should be an interesting study, especially as in Lucy's case the author shows herself often well able to handle conversation. Controlled phrases with quiet double meanings and gradual growth in self-knowledge make Lucy the most credible being in the book. But the other characters, and sometimes Lucy herself, step out of reality into an artificial world where effects are obtained with naïve haste. What the book lacks, for all its interesting skeleton, can be summed up in one word—subtlety.

Travel

Keep Moving. By *Alfred C. B. Fletcher.* Laidlaw.

In the West Indies. By *John C. Van Dyke.* Scribners. $2.

Whaling in the Antarctic. By *A. G. Bennett.* Holt. $3.

Travel Letters from Ceylon, Australia, and South India. By *W. W. Strickland.* Westermann.

Brief Mention

Robert Briffault, an anthropologist who was a practising surgeon in modern New Zealand and in the War, has written a book called *Breakdown: The Collapse of Civilization* which is a rather generalized argument to prove that civilization as we have it is hopelessly doomed and not worth changing but that men and women must be saved and saved for better conditions than exist at present. He favors the Russian experiment but the pessimist will find more in his argument than the skeptic or the agnostic. It is a little too generalized to be satisfactory (Brentano. $2.50). *Rambling Through Science*, by A. L. Leeuw (Whittlesey House, 1932, $2.50), is itself a ramble through such topics as spiders and the fourth dimension, how tall are you, a modern widow's cruse, and inside an atom. "This book is a series of . . . informal talks on a number of phenomena which recent scientific discoverers have made more confusing to the uninitiated." It reads like an intelligent and well-informed number of *Popular Mechanics* which after all is a definition and not a criticism. *Search*, by Lincoln Ellsworth (Brewer, Warren & Putnam, 1932, $4), is again a series of casual chapters held together by the life thread of an explorer and adventurer who took part in one of the last buffalo hunts, was on the first Polar flight, and went through the Arctic by submarine and Zeppelin. The observant reader must have noticed the number of circus books published this year. One has brought in the other and the last is *Hold Yer Hosses: The Elephants Are Coming* by "Uncle" Bob Sherwood, the last of Barnum's clowns (Macmillan, 1932, $2.50). This is a first-hand story of circus life and the book is distinguished by very interesting reproductions of posters and woodcuts advertising Jumbo and many other circus celebrities. Attention should be called to Harold Laski's *Studies in Law and Politics* (Yale Press, $3.), a collection of miscellaneous essays on the law and the state, on Mr. Justice Holmes, on the Socialist tradition, and equivalent topics, for everything that Mr. Laski writes is worth reading. Humbert Wolfe's little book on *George Moore* (Oxford Press, 1932, $1.50), is a new volume of the Modern Writer series and summarizes its subject both biographically and critically although the author makes no attempt at a life of Moore.

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F. A. STOKES COMPANY, NEW YORK

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1832-1932

By HELEN DEAN FISH

AN hour or two spent over the cases of Lewis Carroll treasures now on exhibition at the Avery Library, Columbia University, rolls away the years and brings back the magic day when one first followed down the rabbit hole and saw Wonderland with Alice.

This exhibition, to commemorate the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Lewis Carroll (January 27, 1832), is the most complete collection of Carrolliana ever arranged, comprising 500 items. It has been assembled under the direction of Columbia University from many private collections throughout the country, and after the private showing on opening day, March 31, is open to the public until May 4th, daily between the hours of eleven in the morning till ten in the night, and on Sunday from two o'clock to six o'clock.

The first exhibit as one enters the Library is the massive mahogany table at which Lewis Carroll is supposed to have sat during the writing of "Alice's Adventures Underground," during the Fall of 1862. Upon it lies the one perfect, original, hand-written copy, made during the months after that famous summer afternoon on the river when the story was first told to three little girls, and presented to Alice Liddell at Christmas, 1862. It is now owned by Eldridge R. Johnson, and is loaned for this occasion. Near it lie several of the few remaining copies of the first printed edition of 1865, an edition almost completely destroyed because author and illustrator were not pleased with the quality of the wood-engravings. Cases to the right contain the amazingly beautiful and exquisite original pencil sketches of the illustrations for the Alice books by Sir John Tenniel, now owned by Owen D. Young. They make one wish that all the well-worn plates used in editions of "Alice" might be scrapped and we might start afresh from these lovely originals. Here also is an unforgettable copy of the second edition with a complete set of the engraver's proofs for the illustrations, signed by both Tenniel and the wood-engraver Dalziel. There is a collection of musical and dramatic developments of Alice and several cases of—it must be admitted—comparatively dry evidences of C. L. Dodgson's renown as a logician and mathematician. To the left of the hall are editions of "Sylvie and Bruno," "The Hunting of the Snark," and other Carroll writings, and an interesting exhibit of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" as translated and published in thirteen foreign languages, even to the mouse's tail running up the page instead of down in Chinese.

On opening day, a number of the collectors who have loaned items for the exhibition were present, including Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach and Mrs. Carolyn Wells Houghton. Mr. Gerald Campbell, British Consul General, opened the exhibition. Before the close of the exhibition in May, Mrs. Reginald Hargreaves, the original "Alice," will come from her home in England for the occasion. One of the most charming items in the exhibition is a photograph of the little dark-eyed Alice at the age of seven, taken by C. L. Dodgson himself.

Assorted Facts

EVERYDAY THINGS IN ARCHAIC GREECE. The Everyday Life Series. Written and Illustrated by MARJORIE and C. H. B. QUENNELL. New York: G. P. Putnam & Company. 1931. $2.50.

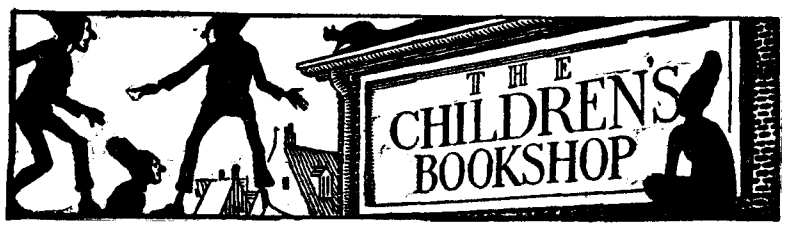
Reviewed by HETTY GOLDMAN

ALAS for lost opportunity! Nothing could be less calculated to arouse the enthusiasm of young people for Greece than this heterogeneous assortment of facts and quotations from ancient authors. Nothing is done to integrate the material presented into a comprehensive picture of ancient civilization or to define the peculiar character of archaic Greece in contradistinction to other periods in her history.

After a chapter devoted to a summary of Herodotus, from which the reader derives only a confusing amount of compressed information and no hint of the peculiar charm of the historian's somewhat rambling narrative style, separate chapters describe "The Temple and the House"; "Life Inside the House," and "Life Outside the House." The scheme permits of detailed description of many sides of the material manifestation of the Greek genius. But such a recital, for example, as that regarding vase-painting on page 105, can have no meaning to any but the already initiated, and theory is best let alone when it results in such statements as those concerning the devolpment of bronze age domestic architecture found on page 91.

To the boy or girl, however, brought up in the type of progressive school in which the construction of replicas of the products of an alien or ancient civilization is considered a satisfactory substitute for an understanding of its spirit, the minute descriptions of boats, houses, and furniture, together with some of the models, may prove of great use.

A final query: Why, in place of faithful photographs of archaic Greek vases and sculpture, whose naïve and sometimes literal spirit the young can so easily understand, have the authors given us emasculated modern versions in which the peculiar verve and elasticity of the ancient line has been entirely lost?



Conducted by KATHERINE ULRICH

A Plus and Two Minuses

PIRATES OF THE SHOALS. By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $2.

THE CUB BATTERY. By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1932. $2.

TOSS-UP. By DONAL HAMILTON HAINES. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by MITCHELL V. CHARNLEY

RALPH HENRY BARBOUR, to some three generations of older boy readers a familiar and popular writer, presents two widely different stories this spring—stories alike only because they both have the smoothly readable style and likable boys of every yarn bearing the Barbour name.

"Pirates of the Shoals" is not nearly so bloodthirsty as its title. It's the tale of Terry Tibbs, orphan who discovers a stolen motor yacht in a hidden recess of the West Florida coast, steals it himself with a view of returning it to its owner, lives through exciting adventures as the original pirates seek murderously to get it back, and finally wins the reward and the schooling he laudably desires.

It's a good story. It has picturesque and well-drawn boys and men, and it moves along swiftly and directly. Mr. Barbour has made the reader see not only the keys and islets and palm trees of it but also the dangerous course young Terry must follow. Men as well as boys ought to find it entertaining, in spots gripping, at all times good reading. The story may be neither a mystery masterpiece nor a yarn to set the hair on end, but it's a workmanlike job and it's safe to guarantee that it will give satisfaction.

In "The Cub Battery" Mr. Barbour returns to a field with which his readers are more familiar, the boys' prep school. The title leads you to expect a baseball story, but you find that the yarn is hardly that. In fact, it's hard to classify it. It has only a little baseball, and that's pretty ordinary; it has not very much of anything else. The story is slight, it's not quite convincing, it's stretched to twice the length it merits. Though it "reads smoothly"—all Barbour books do—it won't go far toward enhancing the Barbour reputation.

"Toss-Up" has many of the faults of "The Cub Battery" and some that are all its own. Like Mr. Barbour, Mr. Haines has built an athletic story with very little athletics in it. Basketball seems to be his background as the book opens, but it develops to be a subordinate element—subordinate to a ridiculous struggle between two groups of unreal prep school boys to publish rival school papers.

Chief among the book's faults, however, is the bad thinking in it—bad thinking, it seems to me, both on the part of teacher and boy characters in the story and on the part of the author. A teacher consciously and maliciously discriminates against one of his boys, and then relents and goes honest because the boy saves his life. The two groups of boys, seeking circulation builders for their rival papers, spend a great deal more energy in digging up 'issues" that will startle and momentarily attract their readers than they do in finding issues that are truly important and constructive.

And Mr. Haines errs, I think, in implying (as he does tacitly by his mere inclusion of these elements) that things of this kind are normal and expectable among teachers and boys. It is not enough to say that "such things might happen." The average boy reader is bound to generalize from such cases as these—there are others of the same nature in the book—and I feel that they combine to make the story an unhealthful one for that average boy to read.

Pictures and Verse

RUNAWAY RHYMES. By ALICE HIGGINS and TOM LAMB. Chicago: The P. F. Volland Company. 1932. $2.

THESE verses show the results of a wonderfully successful partnership. Without the cunning pictures the vividness that marks this book would be lacking. Mr. Lamb has caught both the action and the spirit of the roguish, dreaming youngster. Alice Higgins's verses occasionally do when they keep lively and do not degenerate into lollypop stuff. There are some that are charming and have the breath of magic like "Red Shoes":

Black shoes for Sunday,
Brown shoes for play,
But red shoes go dancing
Along a fairy way.

In "Wondering," there is a delicious bit:

I wonder why it is fish swim
As easy as can be,
While, though I try so very hard,
It's difficult for me?
I work my hands and both my feet
And yet somehow I fail.
I think, perhaps, the trouble is—
I really need a tail.

Few people can enter into small children's minds when they begin to describe them in verse. They are apt to lapse into sentimentality or to make the children prigs. James Whitcomb Riley could do it. Elizabeth Madox Roberts can. Walter de la Mare can dream with the child by putting himself into the border country which is so familiar to small people. Miss Higgins would like to,—but the element lacking in these small poems is originality. Their best quality is their unpretentiousness, and probably for very little children they will go very well. One closes the book with a recollection of delight in the jolly, animated illustration of "The Shadow," which has as a close second "Six O'clock in the Morning."

Pioneering

THE ROAD AHEAD: A Primer of Capitalism and Socialism. By HARRY W. LAIDLER. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1932. $1.

Reviewed by NORMAN THOMAS

THIS book, written primarily for children, well printed and well illustrated, ought to fill a very useful role in a country which simply cannot escape the issue of socialism—an issue likely to concern the next generation even more than ours. The book is something of a pioneer in its field. Its author, Harry W. Laidler, is one of the outstanding American students and historians of socialist thought and the socialist movement. It goes without saying that his book is thoroughly competent. It is, moreover, clearly written. Its simplicity of explanation and its illustrations will make the book valuable not only to children and to parents who want their children to know something about socialism, but also to many adults to whom, at least in America, socialism has been made to appear too often as some strange mystery, horrifying or fascinating, according to the point of view. This reviewer suspects that just as this book has doubtless been in part suggested by the brilliant success of "New Russia's Primer," it will in turn inspire other efforts to present the full meaning of economic facts to a generation which cannot accept our old stereotype, if it is to live.

The Playmate

By LAURA BENÉT

FOR loneliness Susanna wept;
And, secretly in the old house,
Stole up the stairs on careful knee
Eye to the crack in attic doorway pressed,—
One stubbed small hand
Held close against her beating breast,—
Waited in wonder and amaze
As still as a starved mouse
Until she saw
For a short breathing space
Upon the floor
Within that dusty place
Two worn and tiny shoes
Dance toward her where she lay
Outside the bolted door.
Two shoes of personality
Chubbily bland,
Needing no other cues
Than her delighted gaze
To make them come
And pirouette in happy play
About the room.
While, as they circled by,
Walls hummed a little tune,
Window panes flared to darkening sky,
Mice squealed in wainscotings;
Yet to Susanna only stepped
As though bestowing boon
The solitary things;
And through the warping wood
A phantom whisper crept
As if a comrade understood. . . .
What time Susanna went
To her lone bed, content,
She sweetly slept.

Girls Who Conquered

THE HERE-TO-YONDER GIRL. By ESTHER GREENACRE HALL. Illustrated by WILLARD BONTÉ. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1932. $2.

FELITA. By CHESLEY KAHAMNN. Illustrated by M. DEV. LEE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by DOROTHY DE SCHWEINITZ

THE heroines of these two books for girls between twelve and sixteen live in primitive surroundings in remote parts of America. Both demonstrate that by dint of hard work and practical effort they can improve their own and their families' fortunes almost beyond belief in the short space of one year. Whether these near miracles are possible or probable is a question we should perhaps refrain from asking.

Tassie Tyler lived in Crooked Creek before the coal operators came into that part of Kentucky. An orphan, her ambition was to have "a roof over her head, and a table to put her feet under, and young ones to talk to." Her delight in nature prevented her being aware that she lived in a state of near starvation and destitution. A day's freedom from housework, when she ran along the mountainside looking for the lost Adams cow, a chance to hear Dillard play a "gladsome tune" on his dulcimer, which, he said, "listened sweet as a red bird's courting song," was joy enough. Tassie did more with her stony patch and blunt tools and spinning wheel and loom, than most of her neighbors. In the last chapter she takes the little family she has adopted to live and work at the Singing Branch School, of which her friend Cindy says, "Oh, there's no place in these mountains where so much happiness abides. 'Pears like songs spring up fast as weeds and time runs swift as rushing creeks."

Felita, daughter of a Porto Rican laborer, during her mother's absence, manages to keep house for the eight children and her shiftless father in the one-room shack, takes in washing and attends school. In the midst of these activities, she learns the best designs in native embroidery, wins the school prize contest, is received by the Governor's wife, and foils a villainous plot against her father's kind employer. No grass grew under Felita's bare feet. A well timed hurricane destroys the ramshackle hut, just before Felita's mother returns from the hospital simply oozing with modern ideas of sanitation, and in no time at all, lazy father has built a fine new house, and Felita has organized her family into a company for exporting handwork.

Tassie seems to have been written for love of her kind of folk, and illustrates a phase of life almost eradicated from this country. Felita sounds suspiciously as if she were planned to display the profits of progress in our Southern possessions.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

F. P. B., Wallace, Idaho: "Will you kindly send me a list of humorous books for reading in camp or on a boat trip? I do not care for Cobb, Benchley, or Wodehouse."

I AM about to perform the athletic feat of my career as a Guide. I am about to jump clean out of my skin and look at humor with the eyes of one who doesn't find Cobb, Benchley, or Wodehouse funny. I can dimly envisage humor without Cobb, I could be wrenched —although protesting — from Benchley. But—What, no Wodehouse? so she very imprudently married the barber, and . . . Hold, this is no time for nonsense. Let us look at humor seriously.

Let us say at once, at American humor, for of contemporary British humorists Wodehouse comes nearest to the characteristic American slant on life, not to speak of the fine flavor of his Yankee speech. If he won't do, none other need apply from overseas. Nor is there much chance for Americans whose work should be read by artificial light, within sound or memory of large cities. This book is to be read by sunlight—firelight being notoriously bad for the eyes—out of doors in the Far West. It can be no other than a book by Harry Leon Wilson, author of "Ruggles of Red Gap," creator of Ma Pettengill and Merton of the Movies. The only drawback might be that this reader must have read these already, but one of the best features of the joyous "Ruggles" is that it may be perpetually read again. Or there are the "Tish" stories of Mary Roberts Rinehart, now available in a fat, jolly omnibus; these are robust, indigenous, and outofdoorsy. Or there is Stephen Leacock, who, though a college professor, manages to keep his lungs full of fine, fresh, outdoor air. This brings to mind his early work, "Sunshine Sketches," with its deathless tale of the excursion steamer that sank with all on board—and if that does not sound in the least funny, you have not read the book; if you have, you smile broadly and read it again.

There are, of course, other humorists suitable to these occasions, and no doubt nominations will promptly be made from the floor. But like Lewis Carroll's Father William—surely an authority on humor —I have answered three questions, and that is enough; that is, I have named three authors. So far as my own preferences deal with this season's output, the highest humor is in "Of Thee I Sing" (Knopf), in which people who saw the play may reassure themselves that it was really as funny as it looked and sounded. Even on the page it is, as its slogan says, "even funnier than the government." I don't see why we need to have a Presidential election this time: the *Literary Digest* will give us the results, and this will give us the ballyhoo, and think what a lot we would save by letting them attend to it. I would have higher hopes of the Pulitzer Prize as a public benefit if I thought there were a chance of its award to "Of Thee I Sing"—and even to mention a musical comedy in this connection shows that something has happened to musical comedy. Anyway, I hope that if it ever stops running, the opening chorus, that piece of satiric virtuosity, will go on concert orchestral programs as often as the Scheherazade suite.

Yes, the Pulitzer Prize has this year a triple chance of reaching the great heart of the people. Let it distinguish "The Good Earth," "Of Thee I Sing," and "Only Yesterady" in their respective fields, and there may be bonfires in the street.

But Mr. Wodehouse is not without honor at the hands of this department. In the next mail but one came a request from *M. G. E. H., Riverside, California, on behalf of M. T., in Italy, who is making a study of the works of Wodehouse as humorist and especially as dramatist.* She wishes to know the names, dates, and places of production of his plays, and which plays were written directly for the stage and which adapted from novels or short stories. Drama is out of my line, save in its printed forms; I would be glad to know how one does go about getting such information as this about actual productions, and will forward any information accorded me.

W. H., Balsam Lake, Wis. (and in the past year or so, several others) asks where to find Kipling's poem "The Sons of Martha." On page 436 of "Rudyard Kipling's Verse, Inclusive Edition, 1885-1918," published in 1926, now under the imprint of Doubleday, Doran. I give that publication date because the poem is not found in the earlier "Collected Verse" which the "Inclusive" edition superseded. Speaking of Kipling, there is in his latest volume of short stories, "Limits and Renewals" (Doubleday, Doran), one of his best dog-stories, "The Lady in the Case," as well as the one about the companionable pig Angelique, "Beauty Spots," that lately cheered readers of the *Strand*. This collection is so varied that it includes examples of almost all recognized Kipling types, even to an Anglo-Indian plain tale with its scene in the present decade.

R. W. T., Bedford, Iowa, asks for recently published travel books for a club that has devoted one year to Soviet Russia and one to Italy under Mussolini and now seeks a general reading program. As naturalists are likely to write the best travel books in the best English, one would expect this list to begin with "Nonsuch, Land of Water" (Brewer, Warren & Putnam), William Beebe's latest contribution to literature. Indeed this record of adventure and investigation in the still-vexed Bermoothes is as good as "Galapagos," surely something to say of any book, but there is this season one that interests me even more strongly. This is "Kamongo," by Homer W. Smith (Viking), a work full of surprises and satisfactions. Beginning on a ship nearing Port Said, it seems at first to be one of those continuous conversations on great matters that men seem to reserve until they can retire to the Orient: where else in the world could men talk, for example, as they do in Henri Fauconnier's "Malaisie" (Macmillan)? But suddenly "Kamongo" becomes the mystery of the life and survival of the lung-fish, and that, as two men discuss it, a vision of opposing versions of man's part and place in nature. Through all this the reader slips without a jar, surprised to find himself on the last page.

The personality and purpose of Dr. Albert Schweitzer makes "On the Edge of the Primeval Forest" (Macmillan) stand out among books on Equatorial Africa. It will be all the better if one knows something about the career of this nobly endowed musician, a Bach enthusiast and specialist, who dedicated himself to the relief of sleeping sickness as a physician in Africa and carried on there a medical mission whose war-torn funds he repaired by giving organ recitals in Europe. This one would learn from the book, but other people write more about his own qualities; he writes about the natives, and in the later chapters about missions, a plain and simple story like nothing else in missionary literature. Indeed, what with Pearl Buck, Jean Kenyon Mackenzie, and Dr. Schweitzer, literature has a debt to missionaries.

To make a long jump to our own Far West, there is Charles J. Finger's "Footloose in the West" (Morrow), his latest and to my mind his best travel-book. It has the bouncing impromptu quality of a journey undertaken if not on the spur of the moment certainly under the spur of a true wanderlust; with his son and daughter he went zig-zag over the map in a motor, writing on the spot. At last we have an American travelling in America in the spirit of Mr. Pickwick, who, it will be remembered, had never heard of Baedeker, preferred a live man to a ruined castle, and made friends with everybody.

And for one of these ultra-contemporary subjective travel-books—such as D. H. Lawrence produced in "Sea and Sardinia," such as Evelyn Waugh now produces in "They Were Still Dancing" and "A Bachelor Abroad" (Cape, Ballou)—"The Spring Journey," by Alan Pryce-Jones (Harcourt, Brace), will delight or baffle the reader according as he is able to fall into step with the writer. The book is based on a cruise to the Far East; the author took his imagination along and fed it as often on his fellow travellers as on the tomb of Hatshepsut or the circus at Beyreuth. Mr. Pryce-Jones is young, so they say, but there are indications that he is not too young to have read Osbert Sitwell. This statement, by scaring away the wrong readers, may head the book toward its own American audience. For the Sitwellian method works wonderfully in travel books, as those will believe who know "The Man Who Lost Himself."

E. R., Denver, Colorado, asks who has written the best biography of Lenin. My own choice would lie among "Lenin," by Valeriu Marcu (Macmillan); "Lenin, Red Dictator," by George Vernadskii (Yale University Press), and D. S. Mirsky's "Lenin" (Little, Brown); even a small library could well afford to take them all. Marcu's book is the largest and the most picturesque; it is called "Thirty Years of Russia" in the sub-title, but it keeps to the technique of biography, rather than that of history. Professor Vernadskii's is sound and impartial, a study of the course of the revolution as Lenin had to do with it; the author is research associate in history at Yale. Prince Mirsky's is especially good for its study of the process by which the new régime entrenched itself in power; he calls attention to Lenin's literary style and how its direct drive spoils the reader for other writers on the same subject. The bibliography added to this book is a model of conciseness. No one should leave out the "Memories of Lenin" by his wife, Nadezhda K. Krupskaya (International), and all biographies seem to quote from it. Réné Fülöp-Miller gives more than half of his "Lenin and Gandhi" (Putnam) to the former, calling attention to the "violent romanticism" of his attempt to attain at one blow the dream of mankind. There have been several other biographies in English, and of course in other languages, of which Henri Guilbeaux's "Le Portrait Authentique de Lenin" (Stock, Paris, 1924) has especial value. F. A. Ossendowski's "Lenin, God of the Godless" (Dutton); the "Lenin" of Landau-Aldanov (Dutton), whose author is a socialist, a counter-revolutionist, and an anti-militarist; Leon Trotsky's "Lenin" (Minton); and Klara Zetkin's "Reminiscences of Lenin" (Modern Books), an English publication, deal altogether with him, while he figures as a chapter in Maximilian Harden's "I Meet My Contemporaries" (Holt), Emil Ludwig's "Genius and Character" (Harcourt, Brace), and Valeriu Marcu's "Men and Forces of Our Time" (Viking).

R. F. McG., Winnetka, Ill., says that the list given to *E. S. D., Aurora, Ill., who asked for recent books of travel in countries of the Pacific* surprised him by a major omission, Tomlinson's "Tide Marks." "In a way, perhaps this isn't so surprising after all," he says, "for Tommy is apparently pretty much neglected by the reading public if not by the critics, and this particular book seems to be one of his least-known; but I think it is his best, and I would have put it at the head of the list. It's available in a dollar reprint. His novel 'Galleon's Reach' would qualify, too, also three essays, 'Some Hints for Those about to Travel,' 'The Rajah' in 'Gifts of Fortune,' and 'Gililo' in 'Out of Soundings.' Magnificent simplicity of style, devoid of purple patches, and almost painfully beautiful. I would also include John Russell's three volumes of short stories, 'Where the Pavement Ends,' 'In Dark Places,' and 'Far Wandering Men.' These are now collected in an omnibus (W. W. Norton). Miss E. Arnot Robertson's 'Four Frightened People' vividly describes the adventures of a group of English people in the Malayan jungle."

These excellent suggestions give me a chance to explain that the list offered was compiled to show an inquirer how closely reading interest in the South Seas has been keeping up with the moment. The uses of this department are various and variable, and one of them is to run, expressly, if so desired, ahead of even the suggestions of librarians and other available guides to good reading, and move among books just off the press.

The new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon was opened on April 23.

Books of the Spring

By AMY LOVEMAN

TWO volumes we almost forgot to mention in our earlier articles are collections of biographical studies and both of them interesting, the one Gamaliel Bradford's "Saints and Sinners" (Houghton Mifflin), and the other "Rebels and Renegades" (Macmillan), by Max Nomad. And still two more we only now remember and would not omit, Gilson Gardner's "Lusty Scripps" (Vanguard), a study which should be specially interesting to newspaper men, and "Lorenzo in Taos" (Knopf), by Mabel Dodge Buhan, a biography introducing, in addition to its specific portrayal of Lawrence sidelights on many of the New Mexico colony of which for a time he was a part.

The divinity which shapes our ends has seen to it that there is just sufficient space before we reach the bottom of our column to enumerate a few of the general books of recent publication which stand out as of particular interest. Such are Sir Norman Angell's "The Unseen Assassins" (Harpers) and Norman Thomas's "As I See It" (Macmillan); Leonard Woolf's "After the Deluge" (Harcourt, Brace), a study of the communal psychology of democracy; "Behemoth: The Story of Power" (Doubleday, Doran), by Eric Hodgins and F. Alexander Magoun; Walter B. Pitkin's "A Short Introduction to the History of Human Stupidity" (Simon & Schuster), which is in reality a long examination into "the vast, sprawling areas of average, perennial, history-making stupidity"; "The Circus from Rome to Ringling" (Duffield), by Earl Chapin May; "The History of Smoking" (Harcourt, Brace), by Count Corti, and D. H. Lawrence's "Apocalypse" (Viking), a presentation of his religious philosophy.

And now we enumerate rapidly Branch (Mr. Cabell has taken unto himself a new personality by divesting himself of the erstwhile James in his name) Cabell's "The Restless Heads" (McBride), a volume of essays; Ludwig Lewisohn's "Expression in America" (Harpers), actually a history of American literature from the earliest times to the present, which is one of the outstanding books of the Spring; Arthur Hobson Quinn's "The Soul of America" ((University of Pennsylvania Press), a provocative and interesting book, and Ralph Straus's "A Whip for the Woman" (Farrar & Rinehart), a travesty on writing and publishing which has some clever quips in it. For those who would a-journeying go, vicariously if not in actuality, there are Alan Pryce-Jones's "The Spring Journey" (Harcourt, Brace), wanderings in Mediterranean lands; Bertram Thomas's "Arabia Felix" (Scribners), Henry Baerlein's "Enchanted Woods" (Simon & Schuster), views afoot in Transylvania; William Beebe's "Nonsuch: Land of Water" (Brewer, Warren & Putnam), and the late Frank Applegate's "Native Tales of Mexico" (Lippincott), not travel, of course, but of interest to travellers.

One more brief category, poetry, and we are through with our list. It is a small but distinguished selection which contains Archibald MacLeish's "Conquistador" (Houghton Mifflin), a narrative poem based on the chronicle of Bernal de Diaz and recounting with splendid vigor and frequent passages of stirring beauty the tale of the conquest of Mexico; Robinson Jeffers's "Thurso's Landing" (Liveright), a long narrative poem in which the poet again displays that ability to sustain emotion at high pitch, that excellence in conveying scene and incident, and alas, that sadistic tendency which have marked his earlier work, and finally "The Collected Poems of Elinor Wylie" (Knopf), a volume in which are included forty-seven poems never before printed in book form and some of them here first published. This represents some of the most distinguished poetical work of our time.

THE OLD PEOPLE
By J. D. BERESFORD
The story of an English family in the tradition of "The Forsyte Saga." "A book of real distinction. An English novel for those readers who like Galesworthy and detest the Faulkners and Hanleys."—Lewis Gannett. "The Old People" is the sort of civilized novel that English writers do superlatively well. It is beautifully written and lighted by a quiet, effective humor. Most important of all is the fact that it leaves the reader a desire to know more of the Hillingtons."—N. Y. Herald Tribune.
$2.50 DUTTON

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Points of View

Mrs. Eddy

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In the January 2nd issue of the *Saturday Review* I found a review of the book entitled "Since Mrs. Eddy" to the writer of which I addressed the following letter:

It was my privilege to stand by Mrs. Stetson's side, mentally and personally, during the crucifixion which she so valiantly endured, and never was there a greater soldier, nor one who more understandingly upheld the standard of genuine Christian Science, as taught by her leader and teacher, Mary Baker Eddy.

With your fine sense of justice in my thought, I want so much to have the privilege of acquainting you with Mrs. Stetson's writings, as published in her book "Reminiscences, Sermons and Correspondence" and later "Sermons Which Spiritually Interpret the Scriptures and Other Writings on Christian Science." If you can bring yourself to read these books, or even certain excerpts from them, the word "heretic" will instantly dissolve in your honest mentality and you will clearly perceive that Mrs. Stetson stood firm on the platform of Mrs. Eddy's teachings. In fact, if I may speak to you as a brother, she is, in my opinion, the one student who understands and records the high metaphysics, which Mrs. Eddy knew would be "hid from the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes."

You can understand how utterly impossible it is for the unitiated to grasp and analyze the deep "mystery" of revelation. Without wishing to suggest unkind criticism of the young Lutheran Student who wrote "Since Mrs. Eddy," from my brief personal contact with him, I knew that he was not prepared "through suffering and experience," to touch upon this sacred subject with authority.

Unfortunately, I have not your review at hand just now, but I recall that you stated, in substance, that "With Mrs. Stetson's death in 1928, certain issues which she had raised and defended, were proved insubstantial." On the walk to Emmaus the doubting disciples were talking of the seeming failure of the Great Teacher of us all, and how we need to keep in our thought his stern rebuke of their "hardness of heart." "Oh, fools, slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken."

I, personally, never feel that the probationary experience which Christ Jesus met, with victory for us all, was undergone in three days according to our mutations of time. Mrs. Eddy says in "Science and Health," "The third stage in the order of Christian Science is an important one to the human thought, letting in the light of spiritual understanding. This period corresponds to the resurrection, when Spirit is discerned to be the Life of all, and the deathless Life or Mind dependent upon no material organization." I know there is no death; and that our work today is to gain, through spiritualization of thought, the "single eye" which will reveal all those who seem to have died, "no more after the flesh but after the spirit." I thoroughly concur in Mrs. Eddy's statement "Spirit is infinite; Spirit is all; there is no matter."

But I also realize that great humility and greater wisdom is needed to touch the hungering thought, and I am earnestly endeavoring to "give milk to babes" and to prove by my own demonstrations the practicality of what I profess.

It seems to me that the great work which is before us all is to "love without dissimulation" that we may possess "The gift of God . . . eternal life." Thus we can share with others who are striving to reveal that "we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren."

KITTY CHEATHAM.

New York City.

First Printed Matter

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In your issue of April 9 Miss Beckman, in pointing out that the answer to "What was the first work printed in Europe" is not the Gutenberg Bible of 42 lines but the Indulgence of Pope Nicholas V dated 1454, is herself incorrect.

The 1454 Indulgence is not the earliest known piece of printing from movable type to which a definite date can be ascribed. There is preserved at Wiesbaden a Calendar for the year 1448 printed by Gutenberg, which was probably printed the year before. He also issued a Donatus, *de octo partibus*, without date, but which bibliographers have assigned to the same year as the Calendar. A copy of this is preserved at Paris. (See Zedler, "Die Alteste Gutenbergtype." Mainz: Gutenberg-Gesellschaft, 1902; also, Schwenke, "Die Donat- und Kalender-type." Mainz, Gutenberg-Gesellscaft, 1903.)

E. MIRIAM LONE.

New York City.

Stieglitzana

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Because of the difficulty in obtaining material on the subject upon which I am engaged, I should like to appeal to your periodical for aid.

My object is to secure any books, documents, or other sources containing any references to Heinrich Stieglitz, Charlotte Stieglitz, and Ludwig, Baron von Stieglitz.

Any material sent me will be carefully handled, and safely returned.

S. T. STIEGLITZ.

1637 Park Place,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Glastonbury Romance

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I note that in his review of "A Glastonbury Romance" Mr. Davenport remarks how much finer this is as a failure than many successes. I could not help wishing (having read every word of the book with infinite relish) that your reviewer had gone further and seen the artistic necessity of this "failure," so called.

"Hamlet" is a failure—a dreadful indeterminate hotchpotch, still being sorted out. "Othello" is a failure (as Pepys so blunderingly and yet so correctly saw). "Faust" is a failure, and "The Dynasts."

As a fact, only mediocre achievements are "finished"—a Maupassant short story, *e. g.*, or the Empire State building, with its cold, prim finality, soaring no higher than itself.

I submit that there is reason to doubt that this century has produced a greater piece of sheer character creation than John Geard of Glastonbury. "A Glastonbury Romance" would be magnificent for this alone, not to speak of the glow of thought and the verve of style that enrich and render delightful Mr. Powys's every chapter.

A. E. JOHNSON.

Syracuse University.

On Booksellers

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I wonder if readers of the *Saturday Review* know of the existence of the following poem on Booksellers. It comes from a little volume I found in Mr. Stonhill's shop in New Haven, titled:

Pecuniae Obediunt Omnia
Money Masters All Things
or
Satyrical Poems
Shewing
The Power and Influence of MONEY
Over All Men, of what Profession or Trade soever they be.
The Jews, Turks, Christians, different Tenets hold, Yet all agree in Idolizing Gold.
Printed and Sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminister 1698

To my knowledge, the author is unknown.

The Bookseller for ready Cash will sell
For as small Profit as other Traders will;
But then you must have special Care, and look
You no new Title have to an old Book;
For they new Title-Pages often paste
Unto a Book which purposely is plac'd,
Setting it forth to be th' Second Edition,
Or Third, or Fourth, with 'mendments and addition:
But when you come for to peruse and look
You will not find one Word in all the Book
Put either in or out, no nor amended,
For that's a thing that never was intended
By th' Author; but when a Book begins to fail,
This is their Trick to quicken up the Sale.
And if a new Edition comes indeed
From all th' old Books they have, they then with speed
The Title-Pages oft pluck out and tear,
And new ones in their places fixed are:
Then have the Confidence to put on sale
Such books for new they know are old and stale: . . .
These tricks they play, and act without controul,
For Money they'll oppignorate their Soul:
If you vendible Books cull out, by such
You may suppose you cannot then lose much;
But you're deceiv'd, for if you come to try,
And put them off, you'll find them very sliie
And nice: They'll say, tho' at first coming forth
Such books sold well, yet now they're little worth.
So money to dispurse they have no mind,
Cause when to get it in they do not find:
But after much ado you may contrive
For Twenty Pounds laid out to get in Five;
And this they'll tell you merely is to shew
What Favour and Respect they have for you.
If you'll exchange for other Books, say they,
We can afford you then some better Pay;
Ten Pounds in Truck they will pretend is given,
Whenas the Books you get will not yield Seven.
If to be Bookly given be your Fate,
You'd need to have a plentiful Estate,
For when the Itch of buying Books grows strong,
Then you a Prey to th' Bookseller e'er long
Become; he'll send you Books, and trust so much,
Until he find you fail in keeping touch:
Then for his Money he will call amain;
And if an Author to th' Bookseller bring
A copy for the Press, altho' the Thing
He knows will sell, yet he'll pretend and say,
Paper is dear, and Trading does decay,
Money is scarce, and Licensing is dear,
So if he buy the Copy, he's in fear
To lose by th' Bargain, yet at length he'll come,
And condescend to give you some small Summ;
In part of which a Parcel you must have
Of Books at his own Price. And thus you slave!

The noble profession of bookselling taken for a good long ride!

DAVID LANDOW.

New Haven, Conn.

Propagandist Fiction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Having disagreed with Mr. Davis some few weeks hence, I can't resist crying amen to his article entitled "The Red Peril." Art and faith are, indeed, as oil and water. And whereas I haven't read "Call Home the Heart," I have looked into "Tragic America" and can agree with the critic's indictment of it most heartily.

I am, I hope, one of the "tolerant liberals": *The Nation*, Norman Thomas, Stuart Chase—all these and I are friends, intellectually speaking. And all of these confine themselves to out and out pamphleteering; at least they don't consider their output high art. The social world and its problems interest them, and they say so. But why, I often wonder, does Diego Rivera expect one to regard as art those of his murals that are cluttered with slogans anent the trials of labor? Or is he willing to prostitute his more-than-talent for the "cause"? And why does Radclyffe Hall graft a pamphlet in defense of homosexuality onto a novel, or a novel onto a pamphlet (one isn't sure which)?

Little as I've read in the field of contemporary Russian fiction, I can only say that the novel of the masses is apparently all that is being turned out. One wonders whether novels of the masses may not in the end be rather palling. An occasional "Red Bread" or "Mind and Face of Bolshevism" (or "Russian Primer," to cite something indigenous) does the trick so much more neatly, it seems to me: it also leaves the artist free, as Mr. Davis says, to write as he pleases.

CHARLES GROS.

Western Springs, Ill.

Ancient Inns

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The arrival of your paper is one of the happiest periodical occurrences in my life, therefore believe me, it is in no spirit of depreciation that I write to correct a misapprehension that may be given by one of the book reviews in the issue of March 12.

I imagine the reviewer of "Die Spitzhacke," by Gerhart Hauptmann, does not care for fantasy, for he says he does not think it "is calculated to advance his reputation." He then gives the gist of it and gives it wrong. He understood Hauptmann to "project himself back to his birth, even to his existence before his body was formed, and to spin a fantastic story of his thoughts, of the phantoms that peopled his brain, or who haunted the actual place of his boyhood."

But this is not the idea of the book. Hauptmann passed the night in the room where he was born, the last possible night before the room was demolished, and there he had, or imagined, a dream. In his dream he sees the old inn lying in her death throes (*her* because *Krone*, the name of the inn, is feminine). The dream then passes to uproar and movement outside, it is the arrival, for the funeral obsequies, of all the famous inns in Central Europe, each represented by the symbol of its own name, for instance, the Wild Man, the Elephant, Three Storks, various eagles, and so on.

I am not surprised that this little book was a best-seller in Germany and Austria last year. To anyone who has happy memories of wanderings in pre-war days the tale could not fail to be attractive. These ancient inns have a spirit and an influence all their own. During the lawless days of the late Middle Ages they sheltered whole convoys in their courtyards, man, beast, and vehicle, and a night's lodging included, if necessary, a night's defense. In their upper stories crowned heads lay, and round their tables plots were hatched and the groundwork of treaties laid. They are full of story, but, curiously, all the stories are beneficent; hauntings, evil landlords, and dark deeds have no place in the past of these old inns. Such evil as may have been hatched there by temporary guests was never perpetrated within their precincts. They were in those wild times sanctuary indeed.

Some of the owner families, one is almost tempted to say "reigning families," date back many centuries. Hauptmann says he recognized with 'Thränen der Rührung" (tears of emotion) the tread of the Elephant from Brixen in South Tyrol, sent by the present members of the Heiss family, which has owned the inn since the early days of the seventeenth century. Reading those words, I shared his feeling. Memory went back to playing as a child with Hans Heiss and his little brother, Wolfgang, the present owner. Wolfgang was a curly-headed, playful rascal, too restless to do well at school. So his careful parents engaged a young lady to come out of school hours and coach Wolfgang in his baby lessons. After the first of these coachings I asked the little boy how he got on, and received the delightful answer: "Sie ist ein ganz nettes Mädel." (She is quite a nice girl.)

Four years ago I revisited the Austrian side of the Brenner Pass, and one day walked down the mountain to Matrei to show a friend the famous inn there where the salt convoys over the Elbow Road used to shelter for the night on their journey south. We were allowed to wander and dream unattended through the queer, uneven rooms, to look out over the brawling river, and gaze down into the deserted courtyard from a gallery supported on age-old squat pillars. Afterwards we rested and took refreshment at a table in the street, when presently a grand looking old gentleman drove past in a gig, giving us a most gracious salute in passing. My friend remarked: "He bowed to us as if he owned the place." So I asked the waitress (*das Moiderl*, as the Tyrol has it) who he was. She replied: "Der Herr von Stadler," as who should say, "The Emperor!" And with some reason, for von Stadlers had owned the inn and a large part of the district for centuries and to this man's ancestors had been granted the right of sheltering the salt convoys, such a right being also a trust and a great honor.

F. L. RUDSTON BROWN.

London, England.

With the Majority

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*
Sir:

I read with much pleasure the review of Clarence Darrow's book by Steffens, but it seems to me to neglect one characteristic of the great lawyer's work: he was always on the side of the majority. In the passage quoted he says, "My sympathies always went out to the weak, the suffering, the poor." Whose sympathies don't, pray?

Now if he had attacked the labor unions, or had condemned the stupidity that keeps most persons poor, that would have shown originality and courage. Or if he had defended the city against the country. But no, he was always on the stronger side.

Philadelphia, Pa. W. H. ALLEN.

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The Compleat Collector

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Open Sesame

WHAT any collector does with his books is primarily that collector's rather than society's affair. If he chooses to regard them as museum pieces, meticulously shrouding them in solander cases with felt-lined inner cloth wrappers, there is, and rightly, no one to say him nay—and in this event he assumes the added responsibility of delicately tending the cases as well as the books. If he is this sort of collector his heart will operate momentarily in reverse at the very thought of reading any of his treasures—he would as soon consider having the Bayeux Tapestry (if he owned it) made into a sport suit. He will govern the temperature and humidity—particularly the humidity—of his library as accurately as if it were an incubator stocked with phœnix eggs. To that library he may occasionally admit a hand-picked visitor—not likely more than one visitor at a time, because two visitors are much more than twice as hard to watch as one—but not even to the guardianship of such a privileged and certified guest will he actually entrust one of his prizes.

At the other extreme is the collector who scorns solander and all other varieties of cases as diligently as he would repudiate handcuffs. His books, least and finest alike, bare their faces (rather than their shelfbacks) to the world with as bland ingenuousness as does the ceiling of the room that houses them. If the owner acquired them in dust jackets, the jackets have been thrown away as impertinences. Guests are welcome to the library and are privileged to smoke, even while examining books—and while they are examining books no baleful and palpitant proprietary eye is fastened on them. They may even read the books (only on the premises, one hopes), for the owner himself has read them—as they are, in first edition. He would not, indeed, dream of admitting to his shelves a book that he did not intend to read or, having once read, did not intend to read again.

There is a collector in this latter group who owns a superlative copy of Barrie's "The Little Minister." Now "The Little Minister" came along at the very end of the three-decker era, just before George Moore entered the lists against the omnipotent circulating libraries, so that most surviving copies of the first edition are apt to show "faint traces of labels removed from covers." (Traces of labels are invariably "faint.") But this particular copy was never entrusted to the mercies of the libraries, or, apparently, to the mercies of anybody else. It is as issued, and possessed of all the virtues which mint condition implies.

But from this specific collector's point of view, his copy of "The Little Minister" is endowed with one serious blemish. It is an unopened copy. Unopened copies of anything cannot be read save by the exercise of inconvenient ocular gymnastics. Therefore this copy must be opened. The paper, however, is tough and thick, and hence liable to injury unless the opening is fastidiously done. Therefore this copy is to be turned over to a skilled bookbinder for opening. One day the book will come back, worth, as the market goes, perhaps one fifth less than when it went. But the collector will be able to read it. And will read it. And like so many of the stories told in this department, this is a true one. J. T. W.

The Fletcher Sale

THE Frank Irving Fletcher sale passed into history on the evening of April 21st at the American Anderson Galleries in New York with the fall of the hammer that disposed of Lot 1217 and brought the total realized to $40,439. From the dispersal of such an impressive bulk of literary property it is possible to draw one or two reasonably accurate conclusions. It is significant of contemporary collecting trends that books of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries sold for higher figures than books of the eighteenth century, and that American authors fared much more handsomely than British.

One striking exception to this last generalization must be noted. The extensive run of Lewis Carroll items brought an unlooked-for total, and units in this group were the high points of the sale. The fact that 1932 marks the centennial of the birth of the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson had some sentimental influence (and sentimental influence in the auction room makes for bigger and better bidding), but a more practical consideration was the fact that the Carroll lots were well selected and that there were numerous and attractive association items.

It is worth noting that most of the items in every group went directly or through agents to individual collectors, and that comparatively few of the lots were absorbed by the trade. The entire library had been assembled in this country and bought through American dealers, and it is fitting, as now seems apparent, that its scattered units are likely to remain here.

J. T. W.

Fall Planting

EX LIBRIS CARISSIMIS. By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1932. $2.

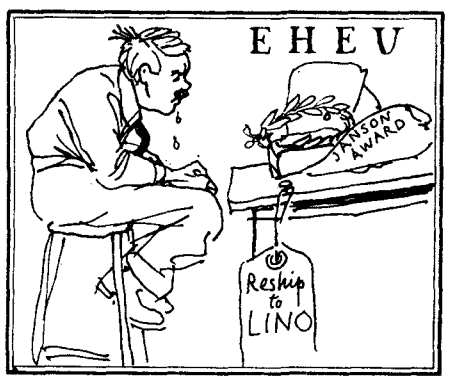
THERE is a comely New England city whose two competing newspapers drain the adjacent countryside of its current history with the thoroughness of a vacuum cleaner. There is a hamlet on the far outer rim of that countryside where each newspaper was represented some fifteen years ago by a gentle old lady. Nothing untoward, and little toward, ever disturbed the placidity of this unsung Auburn, but the gentle old ladies prosecuted their tasks with the earnestness of a Greeley with a war to win. They even acquired trade tricks, dividing the community into beats and swapping items.

One morning the correspondent of the *Daily X* reeled as she noted in her rival's column in the *Daily Y* this unshared intelligence: "The Ladies' Aid Society of the Congregational Church will meet Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Ellis W. Davidson." Picking her way daintily through the strewn fragments of her faith in human nature, the correspondent of the *Daily X* sat down and wrote a letter to her suburban editor detailing this perfidy. The suburban editor went into gleeful conference with his coequal of the *Daily Y*, and by midway of the fifth highball they had framed for the former's signature a long message of reassurance which heaped ponderous obloquy on the offender and bade her victim be of stout heart. The humor was pretty splayfooted save for a single metaphorical triumph: "Unfortunately our profession is honeycombed with such reptiles."

And now appears Mr. Morley, speaking as the first Rosenbach fellow in bibliography at the University of Pennsylvania last autumn, and declares: "I think, as I say, it is only once or twice that I have paid more than $15.00 for any book. I did pay $25.00 for" so-and-so, and "I paid as much as $22.50" for such another. Yet these alert ears have heard Mr. Morley bid $125 for Volumes I and II of the Riverside Press edition of Montaigne, printed under the supervision of Bruce Rogers—Volume III was wanting, but not, one would wager one's own set if one had it, to Mr. Morley. And not only did Mr. Morley bid, but he bought, and the draperies of the old Anderson Galleries trembled with the ensuing fremescence. Mr. Morley has an out, of course—he says, "only once or twice," meaning, perhaps, these identical two volumes.

This ophidian lapse betrays the author of "Ex Libris Carissimis" as more of a collector than he is willing to admit perhaps even to himself. He is the sly zealot who makes converts by periphrasis—he is Tom Sawyer getting a fence whitewashed. If Leary's is not by now stripped clean of such as it had, in any editions, of Conrad and Montague and Vachel Lindsay and George Gissing, it is because new stocks have been accumulated against a continuing demand. For these engaging talks, discursive and anecdotal, are didactic only by adroit indirection. To make readers was the first intent of this fellow in bibliography, and thereby he fulfilled, no less accurately and abundantly than fervently and eloquently, the design of the Rosenbach foundation. There are moments discernible when he had (though he had no cause to have) doubts about his technical adherence to the line, and the result is often a sharp digression to the point that fuses into bibliophilic epigram: "I would like to leave with you two hard sayings, the truth of which will become apparent as you brood over them. In the first place, that the really great first editions never knew they were first editions; and in the second place, that the autographs most worth having are those that were never intended as such." Quires of argument and invective have been flung at the "limited and signed" edition; here is the whole case in a day-letter.

J. T. W.



A Misplaced Crown

To the Editor of The Compleat Collector:
Sir:

In your review of the Limited Editions Club edition of Balzac's "Droll Stories," date of April 2, you put a very handsome wreath of laurel upon my head that I am (alas) obliged to repack and send back. It doesn't fit. The credit for adapting the Anton Janson type to the machine belongs exclusively to the Mergenthaler Linotype Company. I wish that I could claim a part of the credit, because it was a thoroughly good job, and the resulting face is a beautiful type. But neither the roman nor the italic was put into my hands to refit.

Boston. W. A. DWIGGINS.

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THINGS WE NEVER KNEW TILL NOW
(*with a bow to* WALTER WINCHELL).

That, according to unconfirmed dispatches from U. S. S. R., LEON TROTSKY, author of *The History of the Russian Revolution,* and co-author of the event itself, may be recalled from his exile in Turkey any minute now, and restored to the seats of the mighty in Moscow. . . .

That telegraphic re-orders are possible even in the present desolation of the book-stores—Western Union and *The Inner Sanctum* both getting plus business this week on a massive tome of five hundred and seventy-four pages, entitled *A Short Introduction to the History of Human Stupidity* (an instant best-seller in Macy's, and in Chicago and Los Angeles). . . .

That *A Glastonbury Romance,* the new novel by JOHN COWPER POWYS, is proving a little too uninhibited for the mid-Victorian sensibilities of some of the British bookstores and lending-libraries, who actually have private censors on their staffs. . . .

That some people (names and addresses on file) really read our columnar indiscretions regularly in this place, and made audible inquiries, in both prose and verse, when the schedule was put on a stagger basis. *The Inner Sanctum* will continue to appear in its accustomed position. But, owing to Spring fancies, preparations for Europe and a desire to reach readers of other publications as well, without extra expense, it will run here somewhat less frequently—say once a month, or every fortnight, depending on the mood of your correspondents. . . .

That ROBERT L. RIPLEY is on his way back from the Fiji Islands. *believe it or not,* bringing full details of his visit to the Native Queen with five hundred husbands. . . .

That HARRY HERSHFIELD dedicated his new and diaphragm-convulsing book of *Jewish Jokes* (out today—price 98 cents) to his relatives—who can hardly wait for the royalties. . .

That columns like this are great fun—at least for

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW
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The PHŒNIX NEST

"WAY of the Lancer," *Richard Boleslavski's* book published by Bobbs-Merrill and chosen by the Literary Guild has a number of stories clustered about it, as well as some wag's remark, "Life is just a Boleslavski," being a pendant to it! *Helen Woodward,* the wife of *W. E. Woodward,* the great debunking expert, is its co-author, and Richard Boleslavski himself is now a movie director in Hollywood and recently he drove east three thousand miles to attend a New York party where he was guest of honor, and then the three thousand miles back again! He served during the late war with the Polish lancers on the Eastern front. . . .

Elmer Davis sends us the following communication relative to our comment on the representations of *Patrick Kearney* to *Theodore Dreiser,* relative to *Martin Mooney's* dismissal by Universal:

> Re the enclosed atrocity. I did not know anything about Kearney or Mooney (though I notice that the general manager of Universal has denied the story, and in a contest of veracity between Dreiser and a motion picture magnate I should hate to bet on either side). But most of the boys who speak at local John Reed Clubs are perfectly willing to limit the freedom of the human conscience, if it happens to be somebody else's conscience. A man's personal political opinions or attitude toward social conditions, in Russia, is apt to lead to his being sent to chop wood in the Arctic Circle, or to his being shot against the wall. Which is not to say that what the Universal people did, if it were so, was not a grievous fault. I am all for free speech; but when a man invites me to join him in hollering for it I want to know first whether he means free speech for both of us, or only free speech for him.

Free speech for everyone is, of course, fair enough; but we published the statement of Patrick Kearney simply because it seemed to be an instance where free speech incurred a penalty. The penalty seems to us—not always, but usually—to be incurred when you are on the radical side of the fence. On the other hand, when the radical protests the conservative's expressing his free opinion that is equally an invasion of personal rights. . . .

S. B. C. has sent us his copy of *Barnaby Ross's* "The Tragedy of X," saying that we warmly recommended it and that he himself couldn't abide it. That again is a matter of personal opinion. As a matter of fact we had simply spread on the minutes what *George Oppenheimer* of the Viking Press said of the book. We hadn't read it ourself and certainly did not recommend it sight unseen. Knowing George, however, for a pretty shrewd and accurate book-picker we thought his opinion of the book worth noting. . . .

Elizabeth Hollister Frost, the poet, married *Walter Dabney Blair* on the sixteenth of April in Rochester, New York. Mrs. Blair was formerly one of the three poets named Frost writing in the United States who had achieved enviable eminence. . . .

Arthur W. Bell kindly sends us the following:

OLD GIRL RIVER

Time cannot wither
Her strange come-hither,
Nor custom stale
Her charms female;
Her infinite variety
Embraces impropriety.

Remarkable stills from *Eisenstein's* new film of Mexican life are included in the current number of *Experimental Cinema* published in Los Angeles; but even more interesting are the explicit statements of what might be called the Marxist theory of cinema production. If the conception of the class struggle is to have importance anywhere in the field of esthetics, the cinema is the obvious terrain, and readers interesed in literary criticism should look at this new magazine. It has declared war to the knife upon Hollywood. . . .

Gerald Stewart of Pasadena gives us a final word on "Viennese Medley," after which all further comment upon this book will be ruled out of court. He says in part:

> The movie which Hollywood made out of it was titled "The Greater Glory" (yes, *O. M. F.*; that's your "beautiful sexy title"). Unhappily the picture never quite came off, due in part, I suppose, to the fact that Herr von Stroheim, who started the thing, was subsequently removed and the film turned over to another gent to finish. I saw the picture in the spring of 1926. I am now reading the "Medley" for the first time (thanks to your note about it). I bought it as a *bon voyage* present for a friend, then missed seeing her off, and for some years the book has been knocking about in the back of the closet unread. No wonder "The Greater Glory" flopped! Fancy trying to make a picture out of Edith O'S's book!

The latest stern realism that has come our way is *James T. Farrell's* "Young Lonigan" which is published by the Vanguard Press in a special edition the sale of which is limited to physicians, surgeons, psychologists, psychiatrists, sociologists, social workers, teachers, and other persons having a professional interest in the psychology of adolescence. Also the price is three seventy-five, enough to turn most book-buyers away. It is the story of a Catholic boy's boyhood in Chicago streets. It is unsparing, but *James Hanley's* "Boy" (Knopf) certainly tops it for brutality. Both books make life seem particularly horrible. They are endeavors at the truth, and in that respect laudable. "Young Lonigan" is most like a photograph of the lives of the hoodlums one runs into occasionally whooping through subway trains or along streets at night, the tough, ignorant, callous rabble who yet experience some times a real love hemmed in by superstitious fear. "Boy" is a different sort of affair. The brutality is rubbed in so that it ceases to be effective. Hanley overplays, though he has undeniable power as a writer. Still, his is a *tour de force,* whereas his former "Men in Darkness" was more convincing. . . .

Clarence Day's "God and My Father" is a small dollar volume and a delightful discussion of a most eccentric, forceful, and lovable character. If you don't know Clarence Day's work, this department certainly recommends that you get "This Simian World," "The Crow's Nest," and "Thoughts without Words," as well as this latest work. "Thoughts without Words" has one hundred illustrations by the author, and if there is anyone else in the world who approaches the peculiar province of *Max Beerbohm* in draughtsmanship, it is Day. His drawing is masterly in its satire. . . .

What a welcome in the newspapers there was the other day for Miss *Susan Ertz,* the American writer who has lived so long in England. Readers will remember one novel of hers in particular, "Madame Claire." She is now staying with friends on East 60th Street. . . .

The noted tennis player, *Watson Washburn,* is co-author with *Edmund S. De Long* of "High and Low Financiers." Mr. Washburn and Mr. De Long are both members of the Bureau of Securities and come to the defense of short selling in their study of fraudulent security practices. . . .

A pamphlet issued by the International *Mark Twain* Society is entitled, "Did Joseph Conrad Return as a Spirit," by *Mrs. Joseph Conrad.* But though Mrs. Conrad states what we shall present below, she ends her short pamphlet article, very sensibly, "I would so much rather be left to my original belief that those whom we love and have lost are at rest and in peace, untroubled by any law, impersonators, or what is still harder to believe, at the mercy of practical jokers. I think *Joseph Conrad* would agree with me in this." What she states elsewhere is the following:

> Alone in my room I have spent many an hour with my mind concentrated upon the memory of my husband, and my eyes fixed upon his favorite chair. During these moments of intense concentration his form in complete contour has occupied that chair. The long familiar pose, the play of the well known features, the clasped hands were exactly as I so well remember them. This vision has lasted several seconds. I cannot explain it, and I don't think I would try, except that such a manifestation was for me alone.

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I, JAMES LEWIS
by Gilbert W. Gabriel

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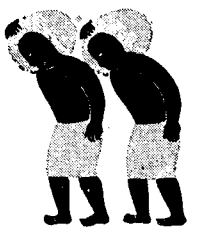

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